

# ILLUSTRATED TIMES

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## THE EASTERN QUESTION.

THE war has now brought us to a kind of "landing place," at which we can stand and survey our position and prospects from a better elevation. A great success has been gained,—a new stage arrived at. Just after our Thanksgiving, let us forget for one week to be critical on the operations which have led to it. Let us look at the war in a different relation. Some time since, we considered its effects on ourselves; we now propose to look at it in connection specially with the East.

That we have been fighting to maintain Turkey is certainly true, but it is not the whole truth. We have fought likewise for ourselves, through Turkey. Supposing the late Czar's designs to have been successful,—that all his mighty machinery had been put in motion unopposed to siege Constantinople, and that he had succeeded,—what would have been the situation? He would have occupied his new positions with the same immense forces which he employs in Poland. Egypt would have been a vice-royalty. The shores of the Dardanelles would have been covered with fortifications, and the harbour of Gallipoli would have resounded with the hum of new dockyards. We should have had—to use an expression of Lord Bacon's—"an over-ruling nature in an over-ruling place." With Greece for a province, the Czar would have had an admirable Mediterranean position. And so, matters would have progressed. War must have come at last,—and the longer it was in coming, we should have been less ready to manage it—and it would have been

more terrible to manage. The fact is, this was one of the "fights to come" (to borrow a phrase from "Bell's Life,") predicted generations ago; and it is as well that it came off pretty early—seeing that the "training" was almost all on one side.

Looking, then, at Turkey as established in safety—to all present appearance—the question arises, how will her ultimate destiny and that of the East be affected by the war? That we maintain her for her own sake, is clearly an absurd supposition. She was the terror and plague of Europe as long as she had the power to be so. It was a common notion in Luther's time that she was destined to eat us all up—and the reformer classed her with the Pope and the devil. She is of a hostile religion, and a strange race. We support her, then, partly for our own advantages—partly because we recognise certain qualities in her people which excite our hopefulness. But we assuredly support her on *practical* grounds at all events. If abstract justice and sentiment are to be considered—why not send a force to help the Circassians—why not help the Arabs against the French? &c., &c. We aid Turkey because politics require it; and let the war end ever so prosperously, she will have some concessions to make in acknowledgment of our assistance.

It would seem that the main question is here,—how far Turkey can be raised by European influence, while retaining any independence? The whole position of the Turks is anomalous. They poured into Europe a barbarous, brave, fighting, fanatical horde, and destroyed the last vestiges of Greek greatness, just as what was left

of the empire had become intolerably effete. They had great and striking military qualities, which lasted for some generations. But here they stopped. They destroyed—but they renovated nothing. No new creation arose out of the chaos. They remained among the old ruins like a camp of gipsies. They did not develop. Their virtues and their vices are at this moment of the same kind as they were four centuries ago. But when they ceased to be conquerors they ceased to be prominent,—and seemed fit for nothing else. Europe has had several developments. As chivalry faded, there came up letters, reformation, colonisation—now, science is in the ascendant, and the mechanical arts. But when the Turk drops the sabre, he takes no substitute but the pipe.

Hence, it will be found, that improvement of any sort, such as we understand it here, is little known under Turkish rule. An island like Rhodes, for instance, which once maintained 300,000 people and yet exported corn, now has but 30,000, who do not raise enough for themselves. All the beautiful Asia Minor countries are languishing undeveloped. It is obvious that this state of things should not continue. Turkey's power may be patched up every now and then, by such wars as that in which we are engaged. It can only be made permanent by a renovation of the system altogether; and as the war is obviously altering Turkish things, it becomes a question whether renovation will be the result, or only changes which will accelerate decay. Old Turkish customs and institutions are shaken to the very bones by all this agitation:—what is to succeed them?



MARSHAL FÉLIX.

GENERAL DELLA MARMORA.

GENERAL SIMPSON.

THE COUNCIL OF WAR PRECEDING THE FINAL ASSAULT ON SEBASTOPOL.



Turkey herself is divided, on this subject, into two parties, of which one is for adhering to all that is ancient and national, and the other for adopting whatever is new and European. But both must depend on the degree of vitality which exists in the national character. Is the Turk effete? Is he "used-up"? Is he like the Chinese, of whom observers complain that there is nothing to lay hold of in his character, by which to elevate him? Has the spirit escaped from him, and left nothing but insipidity? On this point let nobody be too hasty in pronouncing against the Turk. Mr. Uquhart, in his "Spirit of the East," Mr. Layard and Lord Palmerston in Parliament—three very different men, but good authorities—are believers in the Turkish capabilities, and the Turkish future. Nobody needs to be reminded how the Turks fought in the beginning of the war under Omar Pacha. What is more, travellers in the East recognize in the race something of the old qualities of the "Koran" and the first Osmanlies,—an earnestness, a veracity, a fidelity to engagements, which for ages has made their commercial character more respected than that of the shrewd, lively, clever, slippery Greeks. Their deficiencies are those in which Asiatic nations are deficient compared with European ones. They have not our practical talent,—our talent for order, management, mechanics, physical reforms, and so forth. The spectacle of our activity bewilders them. No wonder that the more despondent among them are said to be impressed with an idea that their course is run, and to be sunk in fatalistic lethargy in consequence. But what is obvious is, that if this is to be counteracted in any way, it must be by European influences. Briefly—the effect of the war on the Eastern question must be this,—to bring the East more and more under the authority of the West.

The profound Niebuhr has observed, in speaking of Alexander the Great, that his conquests were the first assertion of a new principle,—of the supremacy of Europe over Asia from that time. At this moment the spiritual and intellectual activity of the world is all European. Profoundly indebted to Asia for our highest principles—which we have absorbed into our life,—it is our business to repay something of the debt by reinvigorating the decayed East. We must bring our resources and our inventions to bear upon the rich countries on which thousands of people live in hardship and discomfort. We must use our just influence with the Sultan, to amend the state of his provincial administration—to open markets for the resources of Asia Minor,—to free the intellectual activity of races under his rule, and turn it into new channels. Already we hear of great schemes, such as that of Captain Allen, R.N., an eminent man of science, for a new route to India by the Dead Sea—by canals from the Mediterranean to it on one side, and from the Gulf of Alabaki on the other. The only chance for Turkey lies in her becoming a new country by European instruction; and the European Powers ought to have something more to show for their blood and their treasure, than two or three Pachas in English clothes, and a dismantled fortress in the Buxine, and an enormous public debt.

## Foreign Intelligence.

### FRANCE.

M. DE PROKESCH, the Austrian diplomatist on a mission to the French court, is said to be much pleased with the friendly reception which he has met with from the Emperor of the French. His mission is presumed to relate not only to the manner in which the fourth point is to be solved at Constantinople, but to the changes which the late successes in the Crimea ought to produce in the four points.

The opera of his Serene Highness the reigning Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha, elder brother of Prince Albert, which has been some time announced, was produced last week at the Grand Opera at Paris, before an audience of unusual distinction. The Emperor was present. The success of *Sainte Claire* was, however, but indifferent, and the Duke quitted Paris the following evening. His Royal Highness proceeded to Colliette, where the King of Prussia appears to be assembling a congress of the Princes of the minor German States.

The Duke of Brabant, heir to the Belgian throne, is about to pay a visit to Paris, accompanied by his Duchess. Apartments have been prepared for them at the palace of St. Cloud.

From an announcement in the "Moniteur," we learn that the triumph of Sebastopol is to have its reminiscence inscribed in the daily life of the Parisians, the Emperor having decided that the grand highway leading from the Boulevard de Strasbourg, the Boulevard du Centre, and its extension across the quarters on the left bank of the Seine, shall bear for the future the name of the "Boulevard du Sebastopol."

Preparations are being made at the Invalides to receive the cannons, and other trophies, taken at Sebastopol. The Russian flags are to be placed by the side of those of Austerlitz, Wagram, Jena, Algiers, &c.

### SPAIN.

The "Madrid Gazette" of the 24th September, publishes the medical bulletin announcing the miscarriage of the Queen. Subsequent intelligence reports that her Majesty is going on well. Marshal Espartero had been admitted to an audience, and was much satisfied with the reception given him by her Majesty.

The directors of the political journals of Madrid have presented an address to the Queen with reference to the arrest of the editor of "El Leon," mentioned last week. This address has been referred by Royal decree to the President of the Tribunal of First Instance.

M. Perales, late Secretary of the Seal, has been arrested in the Palace of the Escorial, and sent to the prison of the Saladero. Originally no one was admitted to him, but the rigour of his imprisonment has been relaxed, and his friends are now permitted to see him. It is said that an august personage is compromised by the documents found in M. Perales' possession.

### PORTUGAL.

The extraordinary session of the Cortes, opened for the purpose of the Royal Proclamation, has been formally closed. The King's Proclamation has been received throughout the provinces of the kingdom with enthusiasm, and nothing has occurred to disturb the general tranquillity.

The death at Lisbon of Donna Isabella Maria, who was Regent of Portugal from 1826 to 1828, is announced.

### AUSTRIA.

The Emperor still continues at Ischl. His anticipated coronation will not take place till the spring. To mark the unity of the empire, now become the fundamental principle of the internal policy of Austria, it has been decided that he will not be crowned King of Bohemia, of Italy, or of Hungary, as has been the invariable custom heretofore.

### PRUSSIA.

The King and Queen, on their journey to Stolzenfels, on the Rhine, travelled incognito as Count and Countess of Zollern. This, however, did not prevent great attention being shown to the Royal party by the different sovereigns whose territories they traversed or approached.

It is anticipated that the stay of the Prussian Court at Stolzenfels will be somewhat protracted, as numbers of the minor German potentates are now at Coblenz, in the immediate neighbourhood. Report states that something like a congress is being held, with reference to the attitude that should be assumed by Germany on the change in European politics consequent on the fall of Sebastopol.

### BAVARIA.

The address of the Chamber of Deputies, in answer to the speech from the throne, which was voted unanimously, minus two votes, contains the following passage:

"The union and strength of Germany can only be secured and can only acquire hereafter all the development of which they are susceptible, by a representation, so often promised and so ardently desired, a representation of the peoples at the Frankfort Diet, in order that the nation may cause its voice to be heard in that assembly, where the most important interests are disposed of."

This very grave question of a national representation co-existent with the assembly of the sovereigns of the Germanic confederation, had been already proposed in 1851, at the conference of Dresden, by Bavaria, Saxony, Hanover, and Wurtemberg, but it encountered great difficulties there, and an invincible opposition on the part of Austria and Prussia. The same proposition, made some months ago by M. Pfeuffer in the Wurtemberg Chamber of Deputies, led to the dissolution of that assembly, which had adopted it by a very large majority.

### RUSSIA.

It has been announced at St. Petersburg that the Emperor Alexander, accompanied by the Grand Dukes Constantine, Nicholas, and Michael, held a review on the 26th of September, of the troops at Nicolaiief, and inspected the fortifications, dorkyards, &c.

The official explanation given of the journey of the Czar to Moscow is very simple. It is, that he has gone to pray to the God of Russia in the first capital of the empire, in which he was born, to bless his power and the holy combat of the Orthodox Church in the East. The following is the curious address which the Metropolitan of Moscow delivered to the Czar at the moment he entered the Cathedral of the Ascension in that city:—

"Most Pious Emperor,—Does the old metropolitan of your throne, to which was reserved, by special decree, the honour of receiving you with a joyous presentation on your arrival in the world, need to express to you its sentiments when it sees in you the accomplishment of its prayers and its presentiments and the source of new devotion for the country? It feels profoundly the high Imperial grace which you have shown us in accepting the immense burden of the Empire, with the extraordinary inheritance of continuing the just war in which we are engaged; and in finding time, amid the numerous occupations of the commencement of a reign, to recall to mind your cradle Moscow, and to accord to it the joy of your presence. But this is not all. We understand with profound respect the lofty reason of your arrival among us. You hasten to the hereditary sanctuary of the coronation of the Czars to address your Imperial prayer to Him who 'saves Kings,' and, with the intercession of His saints, of Bishop Peter, who blessed the commencement of this capital, and of Bishop Alexis, who blessed your birth, and in your holy baptism received you in his arms—to obtain that 'the Lord shall send thee from Zion the sceptre of power,' and that your firmness shall triumph over the efforts, and your penetration over the cunning, of the enemies of Russia. Russia will understand your prayer; millions of hearts will repeat it in all the Orthodox church and all the empire, in order to assure you power, victory, peace, health, and salvation. We address to the Lord another prayer: it is to see you soon with the sacred sign of the saints, the crown of your father and your ancestors, amid the benediction of Heaven and Russia."

The "Northern Bee," of St. Petersburg, has lately published several articles on a book on the war in 1812, in which it is attempted to be shown that it was the fire of Moscow, and not cold and hunger, which destroyed the invading army. The object of this is to persuade the Russian reader that the abandonment of Sebastopol was premeditated, and will certainly turn to the advantage of Russia. The fact of the total destruction of the highly-prized Black Sea fleet has not yet been allowed to transpire.

### SWEDEN.

The Swedish Government is acting a more honest part than that of Prussia. A shipment of 28,000 lbs. of lead recently arrived at Haparanda, at the extreme northern end of the Gulf of Bothnia, sent by the Finnish merchant Glosmeyer, of Stockholm. Although the royal ordinance lately issued, declaring lead to be contraband of war, had not then been received, yet there being no doubt of its being intended for transshipment to Russia, it had been stopped and seized by the Director of the Custom House.

### PIEDMONT.

The recent bulletins of his Majesty's health say that the eruption is gradually disappearing, and that the fever and arthritic pains are much diminished.

The sinking of the cable which is to unite Algeria with Sardinia commenced on Sept. 25. On the following morning at 6 o'clock, the vessel which had the cable on board was 21 miles from the point from which she had started.

### NAPLES.

The Royal fears are now urging the ill-starred Neapolitan Monarch to make energetic preparations for resistance against some fancied foreign attack upon the integrity of his kingdom. All the ships of war which were lying in the new military port have been, for greater security, drawn into the old military port, which has been closed with a chain. Many pieces of artillery have been sent off from Castellmoro, as also chests of ammunition and 24,000 bags of sand, for Brindisi and other points on that coast, which are at present unprovided. Some of the most scientific artillery officers, too, have been destined for Capera and Gaeta. All this indicates a fear of foreign invasion, rather than internal commotions, about which the Government has felt comparatively little anxious, in its conscious power of suppressing them. Whilst such is the activity displayed to arrange the external defences, the Lazzaroni, and all the lower classes, are banded together under known leaders, and armed against the day of trial; and woe will it be if these trained bands of robbery and assassination are ever suffered to break loose. Campagna, the well-known commissary of police, having called together his hordes in the Quartiere of the Marina, has explained to them the defensive preparations in the following sense: that the Allies insisted on having grain and provisions for their own convenience, and that the King, to save his people from starvation, had declared that, rather than do so, he would suffer any sacrifice whatever, and had therefore prepared for war. Statements such as these are calculated to awaken, of course, the enthusiasm of an ignorant and passionate multitude.

## The War in the Crimea.

### COUNCIL OF WAR.

On the day preceding the ever memorable assault upon Sebastopol, there was considerable commotion in the camp of the allied armies; and although the plans of the Generals were kept secret, most men felt a presentiment that they were on the eve of great events. At daybreak, the cannonade had been resumed. The batteries were firing briskly; a high wind was blowing; clouds of dust were drifting about in all directions; the sick were being cleared out of the field hospitals; and there was held at headquarters, a Council of Generals, the subject of discussion being sufficiently revealed by the occurrences, which rendered the next day a day renowned in the annals of Europe; which set all the bells throughout England a-ringing, and lighted up with brilliant illuminations the fair capital on the banks of the Seine. The engraving on the preceding page represents the Commanders-in-Chief of the Allied armies engaged in deliberations so important in their consequences to the fate of individuals, and the destinies of nations. We, last week, related how, on the succeeding day, the Malakhoff was, under the auspices of General Bosquet, taken at a rush by the French; and how the capture of the Malakhoff put Sebastopol in the power of the Allies. We shall now endeavour to show what manner of men are the three generals who had the fortune to be at the head of the armies of France, England, and Sardinia, when the decisive blow was struck, and the signal victory was achieved.

### GENERAL SIMPSON.

One day this summer, about the time when the mortal remains of Lord Raglan were laid, with all due pomp and circumstance, in the vaults of the little church at Badminton, an officer, in shabby uniform, with somewhat compressed jaws, and a countenance not deficient in sagacity of expression, was observed making his way on foot through the most advanced and exposed works of the Allies. He looked a man of middle age, but walked well, and seemed particularly active for his years. He examined the magazines, took

the direction of the mortar-batteries, and appeared to be making himself so thoroughly master of the whole plan of attack, that a soldier might entertain grave suspicions, and thought of arresting him as a spy. The soldier, however, had the prudence to make some inquiry, and found that the officer in shabby uniform, who had excited his suspicions, was no less important personage than the new Commander-in-Chief. He was, of course, a little "dumbfounded," but might have consoled himself with the reflection, that he was not solitary in his ignorance. When, at the momentous crisis, intelligence reached our shores that the command of the English army had devolved upon General James Simpson, he stared in amazement, stopped each other in the streets, and inquired anxiously, who in the name of wonder this General Simpson was, and possibly he. Even at this date, little is known by the public of his antecedents, and that little not very well.

About the middle of last century, we understand, a venerable individual named Simpson was incumbent of a small parish in the Lord Bishopric of Roxburgh. This rural divine had two sons. One of them became minister of the Tron Church, in the Scottish capital. The other was proprietor of a small estate, known as Teviotbank, in the neighbourhood of Hawick, and father of General James Simpson. The latter, when a young man, entered the army in the year 1811, soon saw hard service, and rose to the rank of his present rank. He served in the Peninsula from May, 1812, till that month in the next year, including the latter part of the defence of Cadix and the attack on Seville. He was promoted to the rank of captain in 1813, took part in the ever-memorable campaign of 1815, and received a severe wound at Quatre Bras. He afterwards served some time on the staff in Ireland, and subsequently held an important command in the Mauritius, where he won high reputation as a regular and meritorious military officer.

It was probably to the fact of "making himself useful," and to no other, else, that General James Simpson owed the favour with which he is said to have been regarded by the late Sir Charles Napier. When that illustrious warrior (of whom the natives of India asserted that he was the first to touch of his foot) engaged in his last Indian campaign, early in 1845, General Simpson acted under him as second in command, and, in that capacity, won such golden opinions, that the renowned conqueror of Sind indicated him as the fittest man of any then serving in the Indian army to undertake a high command; and Lord Ellenborough—at that time Governor-General—would unhesitatingly have intrusted him with the conduct of the war then raging in case anything had happened to his illustrious chief. Sent out to the Crimea to discharge the important duties of Chief of the Staff, General Simpson was ere long pushed, by the progress of events, into a much higher, more difficult, and more responsible position. It must be confessed, that when he was nominated to the chief command of the English army in the Crimea, no sanguine hopes of his achieving splendid triumphs were entertained, except by those who, in their wisdom, thought, that because he was not an aristocrat he must of necessity possess a military genius—an anticipation which, however well or ill founded, subsequent events have certainly not realised.

### GENERAL DELLA MARMORA.

It was about the beginning of May last, that the Sardinian General made his appearance at the seat of war. General della Marmora, attended by a staff of officers, wearing plumes of green ostrich feathers, was received by Lord Raglan with a consideration due to a man of his character and career. This personage, whose aspect is so serene, and whose manner so dignified, has led a most adventurous life. Forced to quit Turin, during the political prosecution, in 1831, he sought refuge in Switzerland; thence, after a very brief residence, he went to Belgium, fought in the Foreign Legion during the war with Holland, and then passed to Portugal, under the banner of Dom Pedro. He distinguished himself on several occasions at the siege of Oporto; was severely wounded while repelling an attack of the besiegers; rose to the rank of captain; and having been again wounded at the battle of Asseiceira, received the decoration of the order of the Tower and Sword. The struggle in Portugal having drawn to a close, he repaired to Spain, to fight against Don Carlos, and there made all the campaigns of the war of succession, from 1835 to 1841. He obtained, first, the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel as the reward of his courage, afterwards that of Colonel at the siege of Morella, and was three times wounded at the battle of Cambrils, near Valencia. In 1843 he followed the party of Espartero, and remained firm to it, until, after the capitulation of Saragossa, he was under the necessity of withdrawing to France.

In 1844 he returned for a while to his own country; but having visited Paris during the following year, and there published his book on Italian nationality, he was not allowed to re-enter the kingdom of Sardinia until the institutions of the state had been enlarged. When the liberty of the press was given, he was one of the founders of the *Opinione* journal, but soon abandoned the pen to take the sword, having been named Colonel in the Balbo Ministry, and sent to Milan in the service of the Provisional Government of Lombardy. Commanding a troop of volunteers, he defended the Brescian-Tyrol frontier till the 22d of April, 1848. The Austrians having invaded Lombardy, he, unprotected by the armistice, took possession of Bergamo by a daring *coup de main*, and having thus opened for himself a way of retreat, he recrossed the Ticino at the head of 3000 men.

He was subsequently nominated General and Aide-de-Camp by King Charles Albert, and fought at his side on the unfortunate day of Novara. In the Chamber of Deputies he has always acted with the moderate Liberals. He has been assiduous in the study of military questions, and frequently reporter on the military budget. His speech on the treaty of alliance with the Western Powers is fresh in the memory of every one; and the victory of the Tchernaya is the best and most durable proof of his skill in battle, and his capacity for military affairs.

### MARSHAL PELLISSIER.

In a former Number (No. 5) of our paper, we sketched, at considerable length, the career of the great soldier to whom the Emperor of the French had, with characteristic prescience, entrusted the operations before Sebastopol, and by whose energy and determination the long siege has since been brought to a successful issue. We then represented the French Commander as a man above sixty, with a handsome countenance, snow-white hair, a dark eye, and a black moustache. A gentleman, who recently visited Balaklava, to see Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and his staff en route for Constantinople, after having been in the Crimea distributing the insignia of the Bath, as the representative of her Majesty, thus describes the face and form of the warrior, whose bold impetuous character and valiant daring nature carry everything before them:—"I was rather surprised at the appearance of the French Commander of the forces. From his character, I expected to have seen a young active man, whereas General Pellissier is an enormously fat old man, with very white hair, which is not very close; he is so fat that he is unable to ride any distance. On this occasion, he travelled in an open carriage, drawn by four grays, and two officers as outriders, and an Arab, with a white flowing robe, followed it. The General was dressed in uniform, with a number of decorations on his breast, and over his shoulders he wore a white cloak, somewhat similar to those worn by the Arab chiefs. He is not very tall, and his face has rather a good-humoured expression, and quite different from what your imagination would portray from his history either here or in Africa."

### CONFLAGRATION OF SEBASTOPOL.

The surprise throughout the camp on Sunday morning, Sept. 9th, was beyond description when the news spread that Sebastopol was on fire, and that the enemy were retreating. The tremendous explosions, which shook the very ground like so many earthquakes, failed to disturb many of our wearied soldiers. The sleepers who had lain down to rest, doubtful of the complete success of the French, and certain of our own failure, little dreamed that Sebastopol was ours. All was ready for a renewed assault on the Redan, but the Russians having kept up a brisk fire from the rifle pits and embrasures to the last moment, and having adopted the same plan about their lines, so as to blind our eyes and engage our attention, abandoned it, as is supposed, about 12 o'clock, and the silence having attracted the attention of our men, some volunteers crept up and looked through an embrasure



Generals, "Step! as you have waited so long; I won't let you move now." It began to rain to-day, soon after twelve o'clock, and the camp speedily looked as gloomy, black, and wretched as was his wont during the winter. The ground was rapidly turned into the well-known Sebastopol paste, and it is quite impossible for field-pieces to be moved under these circumstances, nor indeed would it be at all easy to handle cavalry, nor could infantry make any great progress in marching.

## DISTRIBUTION OF CRIMEAN MEDALS.

Sept. 20.—As many of the medals, clasps, and ribbons as were available, were distributed to-day to the various regiments, and on an average there were about ten medals for each company: that, of course, excited dissatisfaction. The proceedings at the distribution were tame and spiritless. A regiment was drawn up, the commanding officer stood in front; beside him was a sergeant with a big bag. "John Smith" was called. "Here," "Step forward," and up came John Smith to the Colonel, who dipped his hand into the bag, took out a small parcel, and said, "John Smith, you were at Alma, Balaklava, and Inkermann?" "Yes." The Colonel handed him the parcel, and John Smith retired to his place in the ranks with it in his hand, and opened it at the dismissal; and this was all, so far as I could see, that was made out of a proceeding which could have been in the highest degree interesting and exciting to the soldier. Perhaps the John Smith alluded to never saw a shot fired except at the distance of several miles. He might have been on guard at Lord Raglan's on the 5th of November, yet he wears the clasp for Inkermann. He might have been engaged in no more sanguinary work than killing oxen and sheep for the division in the Commissariat slaughter-house, and yet he will show on his breast "Crimea" (of course), "Alma," "Balaklava," "Inkermann." Our wretched system of throwing away decorations by classes, and sowing them broadcast over a whole army, deprives them of much of their value. What can a survivor of the Light Cavalry charge think of the clasp "Balaklava" when he sees whole divisions of infantry soldiers wearing the same on their breasts. The subject is too large to enter upon at present, but it is much discussed and canvassed, not by those who receive their decorations without deserving them, but by the men who really were engaged in great battles from which the chances of war kept others away.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA

The anniversary of the Battle of the Alma, was celebrated enthusiastically throughout the army. There were many "Alma dinners" among the regiments, both officers and men, and music and song kept the camp awake till long after midnight. Many a memory of the dead was revived, many an old wound re-opened, at these festive meetings. The French also had their banquets and festivities, including a grand ceremony early in the morning—a *Massa Solennis* for the dead.

FLAG OF TRUCE.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE LANDING IN THE CRIMEA

Sept. 14.—It is just one year this day since we landed at Kalamita Bay. In that time we have stormed the heights of the Alma, sustained the glorious disaster of Balaklava, fought the great fight of Inkermann, swept the Sea of Azof and its seaboard, wasted Kerch, and seized upon Yenikale—have witnessed the battle of the Tchernaya—have opened seven bombardments upon Sebastopol—have held in check every General and every soldier that Russia could spare; and now, after the endurance of every ill that an enemy at home and abroad could inflict upon us—after passing through the summer's heat and winter's frost—after being purged in the fire of sickness and death, repulse and disaster, and above all in the fiery glow of victory, the British standard floats over Sebastopol. But our army is not the same. Physiologists tell us that we undergo perpetual change, and that not a bit of the John Smith of 1854, goes into the composition of the same respected individual in 1864, but we have managed to work up tens of hundreds of atoms in our British army between 1854 and 1855; and there are very few indeed to be found in the present body corporate who landed in the Crimea a twelvemonth ago. Some regiments have been three times renewed, others have been changed twice over. The change is not for the better—the old stuff was better than the new.

### SHIPPING THE SIEGE GUNS TO BALACLAVA.

Three heavy guns from the first parallel in the right attack passed along the Woronzow Road on September 14, on their way to Balacelava. This is the first instalment sent from the batteries of the siege guns, now no longer required for use against Skopostopol. How little the troops who landed this day twelvemonth back at Old Fort foresaw of the prolonged siege which has just concluded, and the great and important events which have been connected with its progress!

GRAND TE DEUM.

Sept. 15.—To-day our French Allies celebrated a grand *Te Deum* in honour of their "victory." An *al fresco* altar was erected on a rising ground a short way beyond the French bazaar on the Woronzow road, its materials being lewy wicker-work, and its ornamental enclosures lines of piled firelocks, with a brass field-piece at each corner of the square. The service was performed with great *éclat*, and was attended by a vast concourse of troops, as well as by all the magnificos of the French and Sardinian armies.

#### PREPARATION FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF THE SEBASTOPOL DOCKS

Our Sappers and Miners are at work sinking great mines to blow in and destroy the unrivalled docks, which have cost Russia so much anxiety, money, and bloodshed, and if it were not that they were intended to be, and have been, accessory to violence and slaughter, one would regret that such splendid memorials of human skill should be shattered to atoms; but the fleet of ironclads sailed thence, and were repaired there on its return, and they were built, not to foster peace and commerce, but to smite and destroy them. These preparations are made under the eyes of the enemy, who have made no attempt to disturb the working parties by firing from the north side, although their guns have the range of the place at tolerable elevations.

afternoon of the 11th of Sep

Sept. 18.—The Russians continue to strengthen their position on the north side, and to hang on their old points of occupation thence to the ridges over Aitodor. The naval brigade has been broken up and sent on board ship. The French have moved large masses of the corps of the left siege army to the rear between Baidar and Tchorgoun. Our batteries are disarmed. The roads to the camp are undergoing repair, and the Army Works Corps, assisted by soldiers, is engaged in the formation of a

PROPOSED NEW BATTERY.

new road from Bucelava, which will run parallel with the line of railway. Everything around us indicates an intention of putting the army into winter quarters on the site of the present encampment; but there are signs equally unequivocal that a blow is to be struck at the enemy before the troops set themselves passively down to encounter the rigours of the winter. These signs, insignificant if taken separately, are, in the aggregate, unmistakable.

### A SURPRISE.

INDICATIONS OF A COMING STRUGGLE.

Great activity prevails throughout the Land Transport Corps, several divisions of which have received orders to hold themselves in readiness for immediate service. Colonel M'Murdo is busily engaged in ascertaining the actual capabilities of his corps, and has been required to furnish headquarters with an accurate estimate of the amount of supplies of a certain character which he could convey, and of the number of mules and horses fit for duty. In one division the captain has been ordered to prepare mules to carry 250,000 rounds of ball cartridge, that is 50 rounds per man for a force of 5,000 men. The officer in charge of the small-arm reserve ammunition has been warned to prepare for taking it into the field. The troops of Royal Horse Artillery and the field batteries have been turned out in marching order, with baggage, &c., and were under the impression that they were really going to start at once.

### A WEATHER CHECK.

Sept. 19.—There has not been a further indication of an advance towards the Belbek—on the contrary, the French are withdrawing a portion of their force, and there is apparently a change of council and of plan among the allied leaders. The enemy persist in casting up formidable earthworks on the north side, and we look on as we did from September 27 till October 17, 1854, and see them preparing their defences, with the sure conviction that we shall be able to carry them, or sap up to them, or take them some way or other in a year or two. Meantime, the weather comes in with a word of its own, and says to our deliberating

## REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE EAST

IMMENSE reinforcements are being daily sent off to the East. Next week upwards of two thousand men leave the shores of England, to replace their comrades who have fallen beneath the enemy's fire. From Marseilles whole regiments are being shipped for Constantinople, and a reinforcement of 10,000 Piedmontese is shortly to embark at Genoa for the Crimea. General della Marmora's contingent will then amount to 25,000 men—all in a state of the highest discipline and efficiency.





CONVEYING AMMUNITION TO THE FRONT PRIOR TO THE LAST BOMBARDMENT.—(FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUT. HARVEY 77TH REGIMENT.)

**CARRYING AMMUNITION TO THE 21-GUN BATTERY.**

ALONG with the sketch here given, Lieutenant Harvey forwarded the following note:—

Sept. 3, 1855.

"The magazine of the Twenty-one gun Battery is situated in the Wo-

ronzow ravine, and from it may be seen (especially if a considerable amount of firing is expected on the ensuing day) numbers of mules, with powder-boxes placed on their backs like panniers, trudging along the Woronzow road towards the battery. The mules climb the slopes of the hill until they reach the caves in which the gunpowder is temporarily deposited. A

staff of porters, appointed for the purpose, then carry the ammunition over the brow of the hill into the battery.

"The whole of the Woronzow ravine is so covered with shot and shrapnel from the Redan and the crossfire of the Malakhoff, as to be not inappropriately called 'the Valley of Death.'"



GENERAL AIREY

GENERAL JONES.

GENERAL SIMPSON

A GROUP OF ENGLISH GENERALS DURING THE ASSAULT ON THE GREAT REDAN.





STORMING THE MALAKHOFF.



BRINGING IN THE WOUNDED.—(SKETCHED BY JULIAN PORTCH.)



## THE INTERIOR OF SEBASTOPOL.

The wonder of all visitors to the ruins of Sebastopol is divided—they are astonished at the strength of the works, and that they were ever taken; they are amazed that men could have defended them so long with such ruin around them. These feelings are apparently in opposition to each other, but a glance at the place would explain the apparent contradiction. It is clear, in the first place, that the fire of our artillery was searching out every nook and corner in the town, and that it would become utterly impossible for the Russians to keep any body of men to defend their long line of parapet and battery without such murderous loss as would speedily annihilate an army. Their enormous bomb-proofs, large and numerous as they were, could not hold the requisite force to resist a general concerted attack made all along the line with rapidity and without previous warning. On the other hand, the strength of the works themselves is prodigious. Our engineers say "they are badly traced," and that kind of thing; but it is quite evident that the Russian, who is no match for the Allies in the open field, has been enabled to sustain the most tremendous bombardments ever known, and an eleven months' siege, that he was rendered capable of repulsing one general assault, and that a subsequent attack upon him at four points was only successful at one, which fortunately happened to be the key of his position, and the inference is that his engineers were of consummate ability, and furnished him with artificial strength that made him equal to our best efforts.

## THE DOCKYARDS—HARBOUR—FORT PAUL.

Descending from the Malakhoff, we come upon a suburb of ruined houses open to the sea; it is filled with dead. The Russians have crept away into holes and corners in every house, to die like poisoned rats; artillery horses, with their entrails torn open by shot, are stretched all over the space at the back of the Malakhoff, marking the place where the Russians moved up their last column to retake it under the cover of a heavy field battery. Every house, the church, some public buildings, sentry-boxes, all alike are broken and riddled by cannon and mortar. Turning to the left, we proceed by a very tall snow-white wall of great length to the dockyard gateway. This wall is pierced and broken through and through with cannon. Inside are the docks, which, naval men say, are unequalled in the world. Gates and store sides are splintered and pierced by shot. There are the stately dockyard buildings on the right, which used to look so clean, and white, and spruce. Parts of them are knocked to atoms, and hang together in such shreds and patches that it is only wonderful they cohere. The soft white stone of which they and the walls are made, is readily knocked to pieces by a cannon shot.

Even in this extreme of desolation, however, enough remains to suggest how fine—almost grand—must have been the structures thus ruthlessly destroyed. The general character of these piles of buildings resemble in some degree that of the quadrangle of the Admiralty and other adjacent offices in Somerset House. Crossing one of the intervening esplanades, I rode through a wide gap in the wall separating it from the buildings of the dockyard, and entered the road leading down to the series of basins and locks, of which, with the workshops, this great establishment is composed. Its low situation appears to have saved this extensive naval quarter from much of the injury which has fallen so destructively everywhere else, as only here and there are the marks of a shot or shell to be seen. The masonry of these splendid basins equalled, if not surpassed, both in finish and solidity, anything to be seen either in Portsmouth or Woolwich. In one of the largest of the locks lay the still smoking remains of a large war steamer, with the machinery, paddles, and other solid iron fittings standing all complete, though, of course, much damaged by the fire. Outside all these, and on the bank of the channel which opens into the creek, stood the charred remains of the huge shears. Then came ruins of burnt and sunken boats, of all sizes, from a captain's gig to a fifty-ton lighter; and further out in the creek still, the mast-heads of a sunken brig. The road then passes down the stone quay, flanked on one side by the waters of the creek, on the other side by a continuous pile of lofty two-storied buildings, used apparently for all three purposes of public offices, naval stores, and hospitals.

Towards the extremity of the quay is a new half-finished building of cut stone, of similar architectural character to the line of edifices along the front of which I had already passed. Even it, far removed as it is from the scene of action above, bore not a few traces of cannon shot, many a handsomely chiselled cornice and well-fitted joining having been shattered and displaced by a stray long-ranger. Besides blowing up Fort Paul, the Russians had burned several rows of small buildings in this neighbourhood, and the fallen-in roofs of these were still smouldering as I rode along. Through the openings between these, as well as from the top of the ruins of Fort Paul, I had an unbroken view of the harbour, from its mouth at Fort Constantine to its termination at the embouchure of the Tchernaya. Close under Fort Paul, in about twenty feet of water, lay the remains of the burned ship whose destruction I reported some ten days ago; out further, about the middle of the harbour, appeared the mast-heads of the last-sunk liners; and away beyond, under the opposite shore, was the burnt wreck of the long-famed *Vladimir* steamer, which, with the other steamers and remaining vessels, had been burned a few days before.

## THE RUSSIAN HOSPITAL.—A SCENE OF HORROR.

Of all the pictures of the horrors of war which have ever been presented to the world, the hospital of Sebastopol presents the most horrible, heartrending, and revolting. It cannot be described, and the imagination of a Fusili could not conceive anything at all like unto it. How the poor human body can be mutilated, and yet hold its soul within, when every limb is shattered, and every vein and artery is pouring out the life-stream, one might study here at every step, and at the same time wonder how little will kill! The building used as an hospital is one of the noble piles inside the dockyard wall, and is situate in the centre of the row at right angles to the line of the Redan. The whole row was peculiarly exposed to the action of shot and shell bounding over the Redan, and to the missiles directed at the Barrack Battery, and it bears, in sides, roof, windows, and doors, frequent and distinctive proofs of the severity of the cannonade.

Entering one of these doors, I beheld such a sight as few men, thank God! have ever witnessed. In a long low room, supported by square pillars, arched at the top, and dimly lighted through shattered and unglazed window frames, lay the wounded Russians, who had been abandoned to our mercy by their general. The wounded, did I say? No, but the dead, the rotten and festering corpses of the soldiers, who were left to die in their extreme agony, uncared for, packed as close as they could be stowed, some on the floor, others on wretched trestles and bedsteads, or pallets of straw, sopped and saturated with blood, which oozed and trickled through upon the floor, mingled with the droppings of corruption. With the roar of exploding fortresses in their ears, with shells and shot pouring through the roof and sides of the rooms in which they lay, with the crackling and hissing of fire around them, these poor fellows, who had served their loving friend and master the Czar but too well, were consigned to their terrible fate. Many might have been saved by ordinary care. Many lay, yet alive, with maggots crawling about in their wounds. Many, nearly mad by the scene around them, or seeking escape from it in their extremest agony, had rolled away under the beds, and glared out on the heartstricken spectator, oh! with such looks!—Many with legs and arms broken and twisted, the jagged splinters sticking through the raw flesh, implored aid, water, food, or pity, or, deprived of speech by the approach of death, or by dreadful injuries in the head or trunk, pointed to the lethal spot. Many seemed bent alone on making their peace with Heaven.

The attitudes of some were so hideously fantastic as to appal and root one to the ground by a sort of dreadful fascination. Could that bloody mass of clothing and white bones ever have been a human being, or that burnt black mass of flesh have ever had a human soul? It was fearful to think what the answer must be. The bodies of numbers of men were swollen and bloated to an incredible degree, and the features distended to a gigantic size, with eyes protruding from the sockets; and the blackened tongue looting out of the mouth, compressed tightly by the teeth, which had set upon it in the death-rattle, made one shudder and reel round.

In the midst of one of these "chambers of horrors"—for there were many of them—were found some dead and some living English soldiers, and among them poor Captain Vaughan, of the 90th, who has since succumbed to his wounds. I confess it was impossible for me to stand the

sight, which horrified our most experienced surgeons; the deadly, clammy stench, the smell of gangrened wounds, of corrupted blood, of rotting flesh, were intolerable and odious beyond endurance. But what must the wounded have felt who were obliged to endure all this, and who passed away without a hand to give them a cup of water, or a voice to say one kindly word to them? Most of these men were wounded on Saturday—many perhaps on the Friday before—indeed, it is impossible to say how long they might have been there. In the hurry of their retreat, the Muscovites seem to have carried in dead men to get them out of the way, and to have put them upon pallets in horrid mockery. So that their retreat was secured, the enemy cared but little for their wounded. On Monday only did they receive those whom we sent out to them during a brief armistice for the purpose, which was, I believe, sought by ourselves, as our overcrowded hospitals could not contain, and our overworked surgeons could not attend to, any more.—*Letter from the Camp.*

## THE SUBURB IN THE REAR OF THE MALAKHOFF.

With a few exceptions, all the houses in the quarter of the town in the rear of the Malakhoff are much inferior to those in the main body of the town behind Fort Nicholas; being mostly of only one storey, and many of them built of unburnt bricks. The streets here, too, partake more largely of the character of those of an Eastern town; many of them being simply a couple of parallel dead walls, broken at intervals by doors or low gateways leading to open courtyards inside, round one or two sides of which I found similar galleries running to those which one meets with in Asiatic towns. Inside, however, there were no traces of the universal divans to be seen in all the rooms of an Asiatic dwelling; but, externally, the streets, with the exception of being wider, might have passed for those of Erzeroum, Diarbekir, or Antioch. Although ruin had swept like a storm over this quarter, too, the consummating touch of French fingers had been wanting to perfect the desolation—and it had not been withheld; benches, doors, windows, and every internal article of furniture worth carriage to their camp had been borne away, and what would not have repaid this trouble was all smashed to pieces. Little enclosures of flowers and ornamental trees fronted many of the houses; but even these had not escaped the gratuitous wrecking which had been everywhere perpetrated; upturn rose bushes, roots of dead tulips, camellias, daisies, and the like, met the eye and foot at every point along the street on which this floral nook had abutted; as if sheer love of ruin had been as strong an impelling motive with the destroyers as their unsparring itch for plunder itself.

## THE SUBURB IN THE REAR OF THE GREAT REDAN.

All the houses behind the great Redan were a mass of broken stones—there were a clock turret, with a shot right through the clock—a pagoda in ruins—another clock tower with all the clock destroyed save the dial, with the words "Barwise, London," thereon—cookhouses, where human blood was running among the utensils; in one place a shell had lodged in the boiler and blown it and its contents, and probably its attendants, to pieces. Everywhere wreck and destruction. This evidently was a *beau quartier* once. The oldest inhabitant could not recognise it now.

## THE SUBURB OF ST. CATHERINE.

After crossing the Cemetery, where there is still a chapel, riddled with balls and bullets, I entered Sebastopol through an enormous breach made in the Central Bastion. A large fortified wall protects all this side of the town; within it lies a suburb composed of small houses, which were no doubt occupied by various small tradesmen. This suburb gradually descends towards the water; four streets converge to a sort of platform, connected with a little bridge, which enabled the inhabitants to cross a street below when violent rains transformed it into a torrent. In this small space I counted 68 shells that had not burst, and balls. We then proceeded to that street and boulevard which bear the name of Catherine; it is the fashionable quarter of the town; all the houses have but one storey, are very neat, and are surrounded with gardens. There is not one that has not received at least a ball; they are completely gutted; all the furniture, such as mahogany bedsteads, chests of drawers, writing desks, &c., was lying about the street. I remarked a considerable number of pictures, many prints (most of them rather licentious), and what is very extraordinary, portraits of the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugénie. The whole of this quarter rises in an amphitheatre just opposite Fort Constantine; the theatre is untouched; it is a pretty white building; when I passed by the scenes were lying outside against the wall. The church called St. Catherine's, a Doric temple, with a gilt pediment, has also suffered very little. In this quarter not a soul was to be seen; the streets were deserted, the houses completely abandoned; and it made one melancholy to see these vast solitudes. The whole town is now peopled with only 2,000 French soldiers, who are encamped in the streets. General Bazaine, who has been appointed Governor of the place, occupies a pretty house, pierced, like the others, with three or four cannon balls. In Catherine Street is a house which was occupied as a tavern; the coors have been torn down, and the soldiers have written on a board, "*Entrez sans frapper*." The soldiers amuse themselves with playing at pitch and toss, and shooting at euts, which are the only inhabitants of the town. Most of the houses have a storey underground, where artisans had their shops.—*Letter from the Camp.*

## THE QUAYS.

We next went down to the quays. The nearer one gets to the port the greater is the number of barricades. The Russians evidently intended to defend Sebastopol street by street, for at the top of every street is a wall of large stones, two metres in height, behind which small pieces of artillery were placed. On the quays, which are wide and planted with trees, it was more difficult to enjoy one's walk, as the Russians still occupy Fort Constantine opposite, and every three minutes they threw either a shell or a ball at the people who were walking about; an Englishman was killed in that way 10 steps off from where I was standing. From this quay, and as far as the docks, we may distinguish the tops of the Russian fleet rising above the water; it has all been burnt and sunk, with the exception of a small steamer on her beam-ends at the corner of the military port. The streets are actually covered with projectiles of every description. The docks have suffered considerably from our fire; skirting them was a quarter of the town set apart most likely for workmen and invalids; it is now a shapeless mass of ruins.—*Letter from the Camp.*

## THE ARISTOCRATIC QUARTER.

Entering the town by the Woronzow road, I passed round the eastern end of the Strand Battery, and commenced a leisurely ride through the region of shops and private mansions, extending from the southern extremity of the Admiralty Creek to the Cemetery and Fort Quarantine. The majority of the houses on the right, which were mostly of one storey, had apparently been shops, and every one of these, as well as the handsome villa structures on the opposite side of the street, had been destroyed by the flames. Most of the latter buildings were separated from the street by small enclosed courtyards, or ornamental parterres, fenced in either by low walls of cut stone, or lines of handsome iron railing; gutted and blackened as they had been by the fire, they presented a sad picture of ruin and desolation. I passed through one of their gateways, before which a French sentry was standing with as nonchalant an air as if he had been on guard at the Palais Royal or the Place Vendôme, and explored the interior, as well as the *débris* of the fire and the other obstructions permitted. A handsome balcony ran along the whole front of the house, which was of two storeys; and to this a stone staircase led up from the courtyard, at either end. Along the balcony several stone vases gave evidence of the floricultural taste of the late inhabitants of the mansion; a couple of small aloes, a broken orange tree, and some other plants yet remaining amid the general wreck around and below them. In the rear of the house a garden, laid out with exquisite taste, stretched in a succession of stair-like terraces up the face of the hill, balustraded flights of stone steps leading up from one to the other, and gravelled pathways, walled in with trellised railing covered with vines, running from end to end of each, from the breaks in which the eye took in the fine panorama of the broad Admiralty Creek below, the white piles of Government buildings beyond, and the heights away across the harbour on the north side. Even here, however, round shot and fragments of shells lay thick around; and a huge gap had been battered in the fence-wall at the top by an ugly Lancaster shot, which lay among the ruins. What a contrast was the whole scene to the picture of beauty and refined enjoyment which the place must have presented twelve or fifteen months ago!—*Letter from the Camp.*

## A ROW OF HANDSOME SHOPS.

Further down, on this left side of the street, were the remains of what had been a row of very handsome European shops, also of two storeys, very similar in appearance to those which may be seen in Lyons, or any of the other first-class provincial towns in France. Very few of these bore any external traces of cannon-hot, and the whole had rather been complete and comparatively unimpaired, till fired by friendly hands, or fifteen days ago. Portions of the gilt-lettered sign-boards still hung over the doors, and the relics of burnt counters and shelving were within.

## THE TOWN HALL.

A few hundred yards further on, on the opposite side of the street, stands the green-cupoled building which had all along been an object from our own camp. A French sentry deemed it necessary to inspect, but a frame settled his scruples, and I passed within the broad doorway which leads into the interior. The whole structure, with the exception of a small branching wing in the rear, is covered by the roof, which extends with a fine span over a flagged chamber of some three or forty feet in the square; a low railed-off platform or dais occupies the further side, and gives the place very much the appearance of a court of justice without advocates' benches. A chain, to which a lamp or chandelier had been attached, hung down from the centre of the roof, over the broken furniture of various kinds by all round the building.—*Letter from the Camp.*

## FORT NICHOLAS.

A short way past this Town Hall, or whatever it may have been, the street terminates in a broad esplanade, on the other side of which stands the long range of Fort Nicholas and its adjacent magazines. I may remark that the only change which it has since undergone, is in the dark and blackened appearance given to its two-tiered, arched galleries, by the recent burning of the interior wood-work. Beyond this, it appears to have suffered no material injury, though, having been forbidden entrance by the French in possession, I am unable to say what may be the case inside.—*Letter from the Camp.*

## PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF'S PALACE.

Opposite to the rear of Fort Nicholas is the entrance to, I believe, the palace of Prince Menschikoff, which crowns the brow of the hill behind this. This is by far the most imposing private structure in Sebastopol, and its main entrance to it is proportionately striking in design and workmanship. A low wall of chiselled stone, surmounted by a massive and lofty iron railing, bounds the first enclosure from the street, whence a broad ornamented gateway conducts by a gravel roadway to the foot of a high circular flight of stone steps, which branch off at the first landing into two other flights, that lead to the upper terrace of all. In the centre of the last stands a marble monument, with an inscription in Russian, and surrounded by a gallery in bronze; whilst behind, the broad flower-bordered footway conducts to the mansion above. This much I could see from the outer street; further inspection was delayed by the Frenchmen who kept guard below at the gate.—*Letter from the Camp.*

## THE CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS.

On the same level with the palace stands the church of St. Nicholas, a handsome Grecian edifice, and the chief church of the town. Standing prominently on a spur of this lofty hill, this imposing structure is without some resemblance to the Parthenon at Athens, though, of course, much inferior in size to that splendid relic of the old-world art; but, strikingly handsome rows of Corinthian pillars, will, at first sight, suggest a recollection of the former to any one who has looked on its exquisite remains.

## THE KARABELNAIA SUBURB.

It is understood that this part of Sebastopol is to be given over to the British authority, and that our Allies will take the control of the west side of the south harbour. Should this be the arrangement, we shall have the advantage of possessing some very extensive piles of stone buildings, which have in a great degree escaped injury from the bombardment, and shelter from fire. These are the immense government warehouses and stores which stretch along the quays of the dockyard creek and basin. These buildings are constructed of stone, and are two storeys in height above the basement or ground floor. The apartments are spacious and lofty. Some, which were converted into hospital wards, contain beds for one hundred patients, placed in four rows, and sufficiently wide apart for purposes of cleanliness and ventilation. They would form admirable barracks, if required for such a purpose.

## THE LATE ASSAULT ON SEBASTOPOL.

## SUNDRY FACTS AND OPINIONS.

## THE STORES ABANDONED BY THE RUSSIANS.

A Polish officer who gave himself up on the 8th instant has volunteered to show the position of various magazines of gunpowder which have not been exploded, and also to point out the spots at which the garrison withdrew from the north side past into the town. An immense quantity of gunpowder is reported to be still undestroyed. Upwards of 1,900 guns have been counted in the arsenal and elsewhere, not including the guns in position in the batteries. Of a number about three hundred have been injured by shot or shell falling upon them; the remainder are new guns. Vast stores of ordnance must have been accumulated at Sebastopol! There were guns enough not merely to take Constantinople, but sufficient in number to defend it afterwards; and the supplies of ammunition must have been equally ample in proportion. The gunpowder is being fast collected, and deposited in places of security.

## THE ATTACK ON THE REDAN.

The Russians threw stones over at our men, and those who were struck fell into the ditch, which was filled with their comrades; one man knelt another down, and at last, they were all struggling and writhing at the bottom in terrible disorder. An officer, who was on the glacis at the moment, states, that he could compare the scene to nothing but "a mass of worms wriggling on a plate."

## A LUCKY ESCAPE.

While Paymaster J. E. Large, of the 1st battalion Rifle Brigade, was riding in Sebastopol, a shell thrown from the north side exploded near him. His horse was killed, but he himself escaped with only a slight wound.

## THE RUSSIAN PLANS AND RECORDS.

Measurements and accurate drawings are being made of the enemy's works and defences for scientific purposes. The enemy appears to have taken particular care to destroy all plans and public records connected with Sebastopol; very few of importance have been discovered hitherto. The following has been published in general orders:—"It is requested that any person into whose hands plans, drawings, or records of the public buildings, docks, &c. of Sebastopol, may have fallen, will be good enough to send them forthwith to the Commanding Royal Engineer, Major-General Sir H. Jones, K.C.B., at head-quarters, for his perusal and information."

## UNBROKEN RATTLE OF MUSKETRY.

Swarm after swarm of our Allies crowded up the steep embankment, till the whole parapet was literally covered with them, and then commenced such a fire of musketry as never echoed through the ravines round Sebastopol before. I can compare its unbroken continuity to nothing but the rattling tattoo of a thousand tenor drums. I have witnessed 70,000 men engaged in a general action; but the infantry fire delivered on the occasion was but as child's play compared with the ceaseless roll that poured in upon the Malakhoff during Saturday's attack. In less than half-an-hour after the first Zouave scaled the parapet, the Malakhoff was won. The deafening roll of musketry, however, in no degree diminished, but swept on to the right towards the Little Redan, whose guns flanked the tower.—*Letter from the Camp.*

## GENERAL CODRINGTON'S CONDUCT.

The Redan, like the Malakhoff, was won. And here I might have chanted a psalm in honour of our unequalled triumph, too, had not the blundering mismanagement which has so often borne fruit in the sacrifice of our troops, again turned up to deprive us of our full share of the glory of this memorable day. Instead of pouring in supports to the aid of those in possession of the redoubt, General Codrington—I believe I am only



justly attributing the blame to him—for some mysterious strategic reasons known only to himself, kept back the troops who crowded the trenches in the rear till the enemy had time to bring up his overpowering reserves and clear the Redan of our men.—*Letter from the Camp.*

#### THE REASON THE RUSSIANS DESTROYED THEIR STEAMERS.

The final sacrifice of the last remains of the once proud Black Sea fleet was occasioned by our having, on September 11, brought down a couple of guns from our advanced batteries to a point near the harbour, which commanded these few remaining vessels; our gunners put four shot into the hull of one of the steamers, which were replied to by a few shells, when, seeing that further defence was useless, the enemy consummated the destruction of their vessels by burning or sinking everything that remained, except a few insignificant barges, which are not worth a shot.

#### HONOURS PAID TO OUR ALLIES.

It so happened that as the remnants of the French regiments engaged on the left against the Malakhoff and Little Redan marched to their tents, on the morning of Sept. 9, our Second Division was drawn up on the parade-ground in front of their camp, and the French had to pass their lines. The instant the leading regiment of Zouaves came up to the spot where our first regiment was placed, the men with one spontaneous burst rent the air with an English cheer. The French officers drew their swords, their men dressed up and marched past as if at a review, while regiment after regiment of the Second Division caught up the cry. Our men then presented arms to their brave comrades of France, the officers on both sides saluted with their swords, and this continued till the last man had marched by.

#### THE MINES IN THE LITTLE REDAN AND THE MALAKHOFF.

Just about the time when the explosion occurred in the Redan opposite to our works, another mine was sprung in the Little Redan. It produced a frightful effect, hurling a great number of French into the air, and scorching or otherwise injuring many more. It is said that as many as 300 suffered by this explosion. The providence of the French engineers prevented a similar catastrophe at the Malakhoff. They had examined for mines and galleries, and had come across a large pipe charged with gunpowder. This they had carefully cut assunder, and they had separated each end from communication with the other. It was subsequently proved to be a channel of communication between the mine in the Little Redan and one in the Malakhoff; had it not been that the continuity of this tube had been destroyed, an explosion in the Malakhoff would have taken place almost simultaneously with that in the Little Redan, and numbers must have perished.

#### A TRAP FOR OUR TROOPS.

It was fortunate that our men did not get into the Redan. The Russians had a force immediately behind it, estimated at 30,000 men, into whose hands our troops would have fallen as into a trap, and had they contrived to remain within it, they would have been in all probability blown up by the springing of a mine beneath them. Some of the Highlanders went into the work after it was abandoned, but providentially left it immediately for their former position. They had no sooner done so than a mine was sprung, and a tremendous explosion followed. The enemy had very probably perceived their entrance, for which they had been waiting, and then caused the explosion.

#### RUSSIAN PRISONERS.

The road was crowded with Frenchmen, returning with paltry plunder from Sebastopol, and with files of Russian prisoners, many of them wounded, and all dejected, with the exception of a fine little boy, in a Cosack's cap and a tiny uniform greatcoat, who seemed rather pleased with his kind captors. There was also one stout Russian soldier, who had evidently been indulging in the popularly credited sources of Dutch courage, and who danced all the way into the camp with a Zouave and an Indigène.

#### THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE ASSAULT AGAINST THE MALAKHOFF AND THE REDAN.

Our men, instead of having before them a work whose embrasures had been bunged up and its guns silenced, like the Malakhoff, had to rush upon a line of battery nearly every piece in which was ready to receive them with grape and canister. Whilst awarding to the French a full meed of praise for their brilliant gallantry on the occasion, I cannot be betrayed by any mawkish generosity into a concealment of the infinitely greater dangers involved in that portion of the day's achievements which fell to the lot of the British.

At noon of the 8th, the Redan still continued to show fight with a dozen or so of uninjured guns. Instead, too, of 40 yards of open space, the nearest point from our most advanced parallel to the ditch of the Redan measured 220, and this, also, everywhere exposed to the fire of twelve or fourteen 68-pounders. I have several times crossed this fatal spot since the capture of the place, and each time with increased wonder how a single man of our whole stormers could have escaped the tornado of grape and canister which such an armament could, and did, send forth. Scarcely a foot of surface is there which a gun did not sweep. The enemy, moreover, had time to fire three rounds from every piece, from the first issue of our men from the shelter of our own parapet till their arrival at the broad ditch where so many have since found a grave. Inevitably repulsed, then, as they were, our shattered companies were compelled to fall back on the trench which they had left; and to regain this, they had to pass through the same terrible storm of fire as before. Had they, indeed, been properly supported, this second ordeal would have been spared them; and, in spite of all its grape and canister, the Redan would, without doubt, have been our own.—*Letter from the Camp.*

#### AN IMPUDENT CHASSEUR AND A FIGHTING GRENADEER.

A reproach respecting the Redan failure was thrown into the teeth of a brawny Irish Grenadier by a diminutive Chasseur with more impudence than discretion, and I take to myself the credit of having saved a subject of the Emperor from summary annihilation. Pat had laid hands on a bundle of crockery ware, and was proceeding comfortably along under the influence of a double allowance of rum, when the Frenchman, still worse off for liquor, came reeling by with a looking-glass under one arm and a couple of ducks under the other. "Ha! Redan no, Molakhoff yes; Ingroese no bono!" spouted out the son of France, tapping the Irishman with impudent familiarity on the elbow. The "whirloo!" that followed was worthy of Donnybrook, and in an instant, dashing his crockery to the ground, Paddy grasped the Frenchman by the most capacious portion of his pantaloons, sent the looking-glass to shivers, and would have made work for the doctor out of its owner if I had not at that moment come up to the rescue. Seeing Frenchmen hurrying to the scene of this tragedy, I deemed it best, for my countryman's own sake, to prevent his administering a chastisement which, however amply deserved, might have endangered the safety of its bestower, and so liberated the frightened impudent, and endeavoured to calm down the wrath of the infuriated Kerryman. This, however, was no easy task; but by endorsing his declaration of being able to beat ten Frenchmen any day, I finally reduced the storm, and sent him on his way to the outskirts of the town.—*Letter from the Camp.*

#### CONTEMPT OF DANGER.

It may be mentioned that in the Redan, and some of the other batteries, large magazines full of Russian powder still remain, the daily explosion of which, strange to say, we await—passing in crowds over these hidden mines the while. The quantity of the powder is alleged as a bar to its removal; but, if so, why our authorities do not take measures to blow it up *selon la règle*, instead of permitting it to take its own time under the smouldering gabions and other woodwork on the surface of the ground, puzzles my civilian understanding. A sentry, for example, will coolly warn you not to come near him, as he is over a magazine, "which may at any minute blow up."

#### THE INNER DEFENCES.

From the irregular order in which the inner abutting defences of the Redoubt occur, it is difficult to describe them in any way that will convey an accurate idea of their exact appearance and relation to the main work; but they may be generally mentioned as independent supports similarly armed and of nearly equal strength in construction to the front line of the Redoubt, which stands to them, in fact, in the relation of a screen. Their

guns, too, so thoroughly commanded the whole interior of the Redan, that any assailing force which might have succeeded in forcing the outer battery would have been exposed to an inner fire as galling as, and more concentrated than, the first. The whole structure and arrangement of these inner defences, indeed, are such as to justify the belief that, had the Redoubt been strenuously defended, no body of attacking troops that could have been brought against it would have had a chance of success.

#### THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE CHAFFERING FOR TROPHIES.

In the centre of a small knot of commercial Zouaves, outside the French lazaret on the Woronzow Road, there was seen, a few days ago, no less distinguished a purchaser than the Duke of Newcastle, who was bargaining for some Russian trophies with a closeness that would have done credit to the economic instinct of Lord Aberdeen. The Gauls chafed his Grace with a freedom which showed how little they suspected that their customer was no less a personage than the British *ancien ministre de la guerre*, frequently displaying their sympathy with the Duke's linguistic difficulties, by assuring him that he was a *bons Ingloese* notwithstanding.

#### SYMPTOMS OF DISAGREEMENT WITH THE FRENCH.

All the quarter of the town behind the Malakhoff, as well as the great body of it on the opposite side of the Creek, is at present formally in the occupation of our Allies, the only portion of the place which is in our hands being the Government buildings and dockyard. This small moiety of the city lies behind our right attack, the reason, probably, why we are allowed to hold even it. In this, as in a thousand other things connected with the whole affair, English interests are most unblushingly overriden by those of the French, who, in fact, seem by their effrontery and unmeasured air of ownership, rather to tolerate our presence in the place than to recognise an equal right to a share in it and what it contains. Let us once more disclaim any ungenerous feeling towards our Allies; but really, in view of their general bearing since the fall of Sebastopol, on's British "monkey" is often disposed to arise and show itself. Their sentries are posted over quite three-fourths of the entire town, and into these quarters admission is forbidden us, unless armed with a pass from the French commander. Altogether, amity in fact and amity in print are here shown to be distinctions with a difference. Talk as credulous apostles of French and English unity may, the British Lion and Gallic Eagle will elicit antipathies, and occasionally show them, to the end of the chapter: the traditional feelings of more than three centuries are not so easily extinguished, but will retain a smouldering vitality under all the surface of factitious harmony which mere political contingencies may create for the time.

#### NO MORE TRENCH DUTY.

This mighty fact, of the fall of Sebastopol, of which the bare announcement has ere this made every heart in Europe throb with emotion, here to thousands of fighting men for the moment suggests but one reflection—"There are no more trenches;" every one can now sleep on and take his rest—the dead in their bloody graves, the wounded on weary narrow campbedsteads, dreaming dreams full of more bliss and calm than balm or plaster can ever bestow. Those weary night watches are over, that awful incubus which weighed strong men down like a block of lead, and made life itself a fardel, is removed; every one breathes freely.

#### THE FRENCH ATTACK ON THE MALAKHOFF AND THE LITTLE REDAN.

THE following graphic account of the attacks by our gallant Allies on the Malakhoff and the Little Redan, is from the pen of the correspondent of "La Presse," a French newspaper of high standing. It is by far the best account of these brilliant assaults that has yet been penned:—

Before Sebastopol, Sept. 15.

The Malakhoff was constructed mainly for the purpose of protecting the neighbouring works, and lived, it must be said, a little on its credit. The two faces were singularly constructed at their coping; the embrasures were formed by enormous pieces of ship timbers, having between 70 and 80 centimetres square surface and right angles; owing to their lateral position relatively to our fire, they had remained intact, excepting the first of each file. These embrasures play a curious part in the assault.

The Vinoy brigade, consisting of the 20th and 27th Regiments of the line, and the 1st brigade of the same division (1st battalion of foot Chasseurs, 1st Zouaves, and 7th of the Line), dashed resolutely into the ditch, their special duty being to act on the two flanks. It was found that the ditch, which they had imagined very deep, was not so throughout its whole extent; in several spots the Russians had met with rock, and had not been able to work with sufficient freedom so as to blast it. These rocks presented jagged points, and their roughness aided our brave soldiers, who thus quickly gained the level of the embrasures, and scarcely used their ladders.

There, by dint of their dexterity, they managed to slip in, some by seizing the bayonets held against them, others by clutching the mouths of the very guns. To explain how all that was done is not so easy, and one of these heroes declared to me yesterday that he did not clearly recollect how he had got in. One thing is quite certain, and that is, that they took the bull by the horns.

The Russians did not expect this furious attack; their officers have since admitted as much. The soldiers had just been taking their meal; their platters, bread, and wooden spoons covered the ground. The gunners of the front were driven back at the first rush, and they did not stand their ground; they retreated to the centre of the work, and disappeared behind the traverses. At the flanks, on the contrary, the gunners made a stand, resisted vigorously, and were killed fighting bravely at their guns. The next day, I saw them where they had fallen at their posts; three serving on the sight, three on the left, and all had been bayoneted.

This first step taken, our soldiers found themselves confronting traverses of earth tolerably high, running into one another, where the men could only advance by a step at a time in following a winding course under the enemy's fire. This way appeared to our soldiers too long and dangerous. With that marvellous instinct that distinguishes them, they soon found another way, which the Russians had not thought of.

Instead of attacking these intricate defences, they turned them by running along the embrasures, bounding like rebocks from one battlement to the other, at the risk of falling down a frightful precipice. In this way, to the great amazement of the Russians, they reached the centre of the position, and fell on them with fixed bayonets.

The attack was perfectly successful. The Russians could not resist this avalanche, for, notwithstanding the exertions of their officers, they were beaten back and driven through the gorge of the Redoubt. This signal success was obtained almost without loss.

The engineers, who had entered the position, overthrew the traverses, and hastily formed shelters and defences for resisting the Russians in case of their probable return. In the meantime a sharp fire of musketry was kept up from the traverses, at the spot where there were some remains of the old stone-built tower.

About a hundred Russians and two officers, under strong cover, kept up a heavy fire of musketry; they were attacked, but defended themselves capitally. We called out to them, "The Malakhoff is taken." "Not yet," replied an officer. At such a courageous act, our soldiers hesitated; they did not like to crush this handful of men, and therefore urged them to surrender; the Russians answered with a volley.

Our officers recommended our soldiers to let them exhaust their ammunition, and in fact, at the end of three hours, they had pretty well used up all their cartridges. Again they were summoned; our officers swore to them that all defence was perfectly useless. The answer was a bullet which struck one of the assailants. Still there was a wish felt to save these men; to force them out of the fortlet they had made, burning faggots were thrown in, and at length they surrendered.

Two Russian officers, and about 100 men, laid down their arms; our officers spontaneously held out their hands to them as brother officers. One of these speaks French, and he is slightly wounded. They had hoped, by prolonging their resistance, to give time for the advance of the Russian reserves.

On driving out the Russians, our soldiers, those of the 20th I believe, planted the French flag on the Malakhoff, in the midst of immense cheering. Our glorious flag was waving over an elevated mound; it was the prin-

cipal powder magazine. Lying several metres beneath the surface, it had been covered over with very thick layers of earth, resting each on a single work, and with pieces of turf heaped up over the whole to a depth of three metres.

On opening it, we found electric wires, which probably were connected with some distant battery for the purpose of blowing up the Malakhoff. We lost no time in cutting them. We found similar wires in several spots, and destroyed them. The Russian officers assured us they were not dangerous, and that 48 hours more were required before these preparations for destruction could have been completed.

At 5 o'clock, General McMahon sent to General Polissier, who was at the Green Mamelon, 500 metres distant from the Malakhoff, behind a parapet of earth-works, a letter thus worded: "I am in the Malakhoff, and sure of maintaining myself in it."

He had, in fact, just overcome the last efforts of resistance on the part of the Russians. No sooner had they been driven out of the Redoubt through the gorge that leads to huge barracks adjacent to the Malakhoff, and long supposed by us to be a fort, than they strengthened their numbers, brought up their reserves, and rushed back to the ramparts with a fury quite unusual on their part. Our soldiers drove them out headlong a second time.

The Russians were not beaten yet; they made another desperate attempt; their prodigious efforts were foiled by the cool intrepidity of our soldiers. Never, say the actors in this terrible drama where the fate of Sebastopol was being wound up—never did the Russians display more gallantry, dash, and boldness. On this occasion they did not retreat till they were crushed, leaving behind them a hill of dead and wounded in the gorge of the Redoubt. It was after this double attack that General McMahon wrote the note to General Polissier.

Fresh attempts were expected, and we concluded that we should see those enormous reserves which the Russians always keep in readiness. It turned out very differently. Some Russian officers declared that we had not more than 8,000 men opposed to us at the Malakhoff. A movement of the Sardinian brigade, which in the morning had been sent from the right to the left, and the movement of two French regiments, had led the enemy to believe that the most serious attack would take place in the direction of the Quarantine Bastion, and the greater part of the troops had been sent to that quarter.

Besides the hundred prisoners I spoke of just now, we found more than 500 scared men in the vaults beneath the Redoubt; in all, we made 922 prisoners, 30 of whom were officers.

The Russians perceived that all was lost. At 3 o'clock, General de Martimprey, chief of the general staff, who was near General Polissier, with the Generals Thierry, Niel, Colonels Frossard, Jarras, and M. Belmont, the commissary general, as he was watching with his glass the movements in the Redoubt, cried out that the Russians were evacuating the place, and crossing the bridge in crowds.

Was this staff officer's glass better than those of the rest? Those who were near him could not venture to believe it. A few shots were fired by the batteries of the second line, and appeared to contradict the ocular evidence of the General; but these shots were only intended as a blind to conceal the movement of the Russians—and indeed it was a movement of retreat. General de Martimprey had seen quite right. At three o'clock the evacuation had commenced.

To the right of the Malakhoff, visible from our trenches, runs a curtain connecting the tower with the Little Redan of the Careening Bay. The attack on the Little Redan was confined to the 4th Division of the second corps, General Dulac commanding the brigade Saint-Pol (17th Battalion of Foot Chasseurs, 57th and 83rd Regiments of the Line), and the brigade Brisson (10th and 61st Regiments of the Line); the attack on the curtain, intersected by a postern, was entrusted to General Bourbaki, who had under his orders, if I am not mistaken, the second brigade, second division of the reserve corps, 15th and 93rd Regiments of the Line, and also some Zouaves. There was likewise the brigade Pontévé, Melinot's division of the Guard, consisting of the Chasseurs and the 2nd Grenadiers of the Guard. The Voltigeurs of the Guard of the old Union brigade obeyed General Marolles.

It was there that the combat was the hottest, and where we suffered three-fourths of our total loss in generals and soldiers. And yet the Little Redan wanted its natural protector—the Malakhoff; but then it had still the Black batteries, the batteries on the point of the Careening Bay, and especially a battery placed in the centre of the curtain, which made it a formidable haven in the ranks of our soldiers. Before the Little Redan, as before the Malakhoff, our soldiers rushed on with impetuosity against the works.

The fire that received them, directed from four points at once, was dreadful; the grape ploughed through the ranks, without, however, stopping the advance of the columns. Having reached the foot of the work, they found themselves met by a steep slope, so abrupt that they could only seize it in front by means of ladders; but others found an ascent, up which they climbed, and rushed to the left along the Redan way.

On this side, the Curtain Bastion thundered on the assailants. General Marolles was in the foremost ranks of the Grenadiers, and fell; he was not found before the evening, under a pile of dead bodies. The 15th Regiment of the line, of which many of the soldiers were under fire for the first time, marched as steadily as any old troopers would. All the regiments fought with ardour and heroism, and at last they got into the Little Redan.

Here commenced a deadly combat of musketry; the Russians, lodged in a sort of shelter prepared beforehand, protected by a battery that fired over their heads, received our poor soldiers at point-blank. At the same time a shower of bombs and shells fell in the midst of the ranks. They were forced to retire; the enemy resumed the offensive, and our men quitted the Little Redan.

At the curtain, General Bourbaki had been equally unfortunate. He was struck on his breast by a spent ball, and vomited blood. General Pontévé and General Brisson were wounded at the Redan.

Our soldiers were furious; a second attack was resolved on. The angry chiefs pointed out the Redan to their troops, and all rushed on again like a torrent. A few advanced holding gabions and fascines before them; the balls carried them away. In this rallying attack, General Saint Pol fell, shot through the heart.

Almost at the same instant, General Pontévé, whose shoulder had been already broken by a musket-ball, received another in the spine. Generals Brisson and Coustou fell, and General Bosquet himself, stationed in the sixth parallel, 200 metres off the curtain, had his shoulder splintered by a bullet.

It was here, also, I think, that General Mellinet was wounded severely in the face with a fragment of stone. At the sight of all these generals wounded or killed, of all these officers strewing the ground, the soldiers grew furious, and re-entered the Redan. But their heroic act was again useless; they found it impossible to maintain their footing in the work.

General Polissier had endeavoured to relieve the position of the troops engaged in attacking the Curtain Battery. Two horse batteries, under Souty's command, came boldly up, and stationed themselves on the slope of the ridge on which the curtain is built, and immediately cannonaded the battery.

In less than a quarter of an hour, the two batteries were cut up; the cannoniers showed undaunted calmness and courage, but it was impossible for any human beings to do more than they did in the position they had taken up. The officer in command, who had only arrived in the Crimea four days before, has had his leg amputated; 40 horses and about 15 men were killed or wounded; the gun-carriages were smashed.

General Dulac, who had taken command of the corps when General Bosquet was wounded, at last gave the signal to return to the trenches, and the ground was left all strewn with dead. The troops on this side suffered a great deal. The 85th, for instance, had its colonel, Javel, killed; the lieutenant-colonel, the majors, more or less wounded. It was a captain who brought the regiment back.

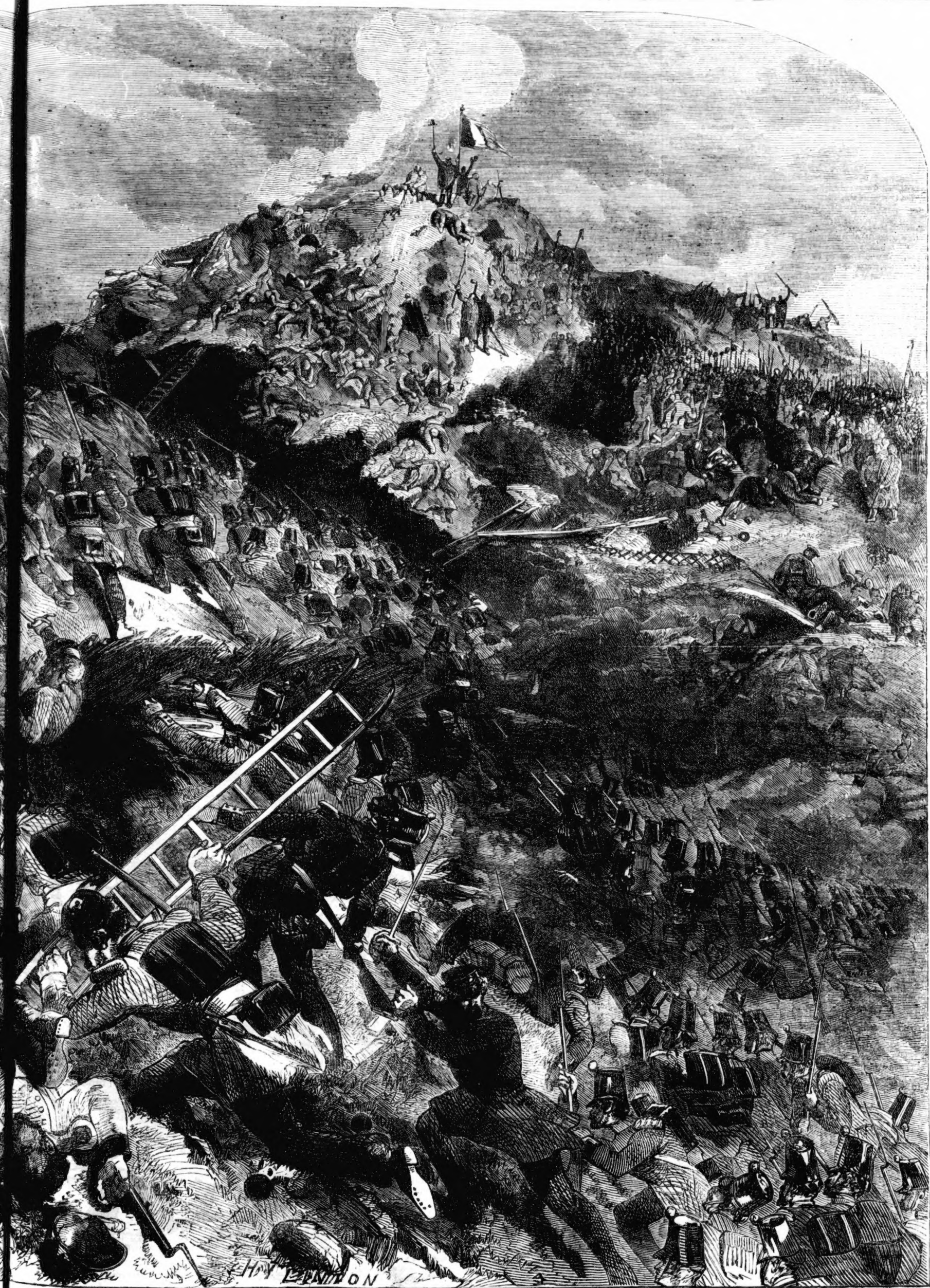
The 17th battalion of Foot Chasseurs performed prodigies. Its commanding officer, M. de Férussac, being ill, made the men carry him to the trenches, and, re-animating by the occasion, never left the head of his battalion for a moment.





THE ASSAULT UPON THE





GREAT REDAN.—(DRAWN BY E. MORIN.)



## BEFORE AND AFTER THE ASSAULT.

(From our Artist.)

Camp of the Light Division, before Sebastopol, Sept. 14.

ON the morning of the attack, I took up my position at the nearest point of view which any one except the military was allowed to occupy. Lines of pickets were stationed all round the scene of action. Except one was really on the ground, Cathcart's Hill, I believe, was the best place to see what was going on. There were many officers, and most of the press correspondents and artists assembled on this hill. Mr. Russell, of the "Times" was there, telescope in hand. While standing here the General came past and beckoned to an orderly, who returned with the announcement that the hill was to be cleared. After calling out to the crowd, he proceeded to clear the hill, not by forcing the crowd down backwards towards the camp, but by causing them to rush forward. There was much shouting by the Hussar pickets, but the crowd had taken to their heels; shouting was of no avail, and it was only by sending a body of Hussars after it at full gallop, that the crowd was turned back, and prevented running on to an heroic end. The view from Cathcart's Hill then was denied the sight-seers; but, after a time, we returned one by one, and saw all it was possible to see.

The attack commenced at 5 minutes past 12 p.m., but I have not been able to pick up sufficient information to send a detailed account of the action to you. It would not do to trust to mere personal observation. Soon straggler after straggler returned to the camp, telling the eager listeners how the Redan was taken, and then again how it was not—how General Simpson was killed, and how miraculously he had escaped; all of which information would be written down in note books, and breathless horsemen be sent galloping away to Balaclava or elsewhere, to astonish the natives of the respective localities. Then a wounded man or so would come up, along the plain toward the eager crowd standing on the boundary line, and he would be immediately surrounded by numerous friends, who tugged at his bandage, and otherwise so pulled him about, that if the poor wretch had not received damage sufficient in the shape of his wounds, it is most probable that he would be killed, as it were, with kindness. Mrs. Seacole, however, was there, and took in hand whoever came up fully. She had quite an apothecary's shop in a little basket, and I believe fully understood the work she took in hand. I saw her dress a wounded man's head in masterly style. She is a constant attendant at these scenes, and may claim to be considered the English Vivandière.

I stayed at Cathcart's Hill until 5 o'clock, and, on my return to the Camp, encountered the subjects of the two sketches—"The Russian prisoners," and "The wounded." The Russians were the old drab coat, which it seems is the universal dress. They appeared to think themselves well out of it, and not at all concerned at their captivity, smoking pipes and otherwise enjoying themselves. Some had slight wounds, and one had a bayonet thrust in the eye. You will recognise him as he is the first in the group. It could not, of course, have penetrated far, but it was a dreadful wound. As evening came on, numbers of stragglers passed along the road, mostly wounded, worn out with fatigue, white with dust, and their clothes torn to rags. The ambulance-mule shown in the sketch was rather a peculiar sight. An English soldier sat on one seat, and a Russian on the other; behind came an ambulance wagon. Among the sketches sent, you will find one of the picket-house, taken during the bombardment, when the English were destroying the Black Fort, &c.

With the morning light, the news came that the Redan was ours, and that Sebastopol was evacuated by the enemy; so off I set at once to the scene of action. I first visited the Malakhoff. Here had been a desperate struggle indeed. I send you a sketch of a part of the line of ditch round the outside, which was literally crammed full of dead. The banks of it were also covered with dead bodies. I thought I had seen horrors enough, but this crowned all I had ever conceived possible. There was one part where a magazine had exploded. I don't know how it happened, but the earth was thrown up in a perfectly regular form, just as though a bridge had been built with it from one side of the "fosse" to the other; but that this could not have been the case was proved by the fact that portions of bodies buried in the earth were projecting from the wall, as depicted in the sketch. Bodies or parts of bodies were lying in every direction, covered entirely with broken fragments and dust. It was very painful to see the fearful slaughter which had taken place. No pictorial representation can possibly overdo it. The survivors were collecting the dead, and laying them in long rows of hundreds, sorting the bodies according to their various regiments. The French flag was hoisted on the embrasure, and it justly deserved to be there, for they fought more than bravely. You will notice in the sketch the peculiar manner the Russians have of protecting their gunners. It is a capital plan, and would save many a battered hand, or even head, if adopted by our troops. It consists simply of a screen of rope—stout cordage—which hangs from a pole in the manner represented, and is also firmly fixed to the sides. I also send a sketch of the much-talked-of White Tower in the Malakhoff. The French have erected a telegraph here. It is very curious, also, as a specimen of Russian defence work. I have copied every stick and stone faithfully, so it may be relied on. I send, as a *ris-à-vis* to the French flag waving on the Malakhoff, a sketch of the English union-jack flying on the Redan. The Redan is situated near a most remarkable specimen of defence work. There is something so entirely new in the magnitude of these places, and the manner in which they are constructed is so skilful, that I have been tempted to make a sketch of the Bridge Battery also. The scene at the Redan was most peculiar and horrible. The peculiar part was the manner in which rooms had been constructed in the earthworks, some of them furnished elegantly with mahogany table, chairs, bedsteads, &c. These were for officers. For the accommodation of the soldiers there were regular shops established here. The one facing you in the sketch on the right is a tailor's shop; that beneath it had evidently been a grog shop, which was indicated by the measures and empty vessels lying about. Altogether, these gentry seemed to have passed a jolly life of it while our poor fellows were lying in the trenches. The horrible part—but which I have not given in the sketch, for the reason, that it was too horrible—was the dead Russians lying round their guns. There was one group which, for mutilation, I have never seen the like. There were about fifty of them, and not one whole man amongst them—some without heads, some with both legs or arms torn off, others utterly smashed up in corners. What could have done this awful work, it is difficult to imagine.

I send a sketch of the outside of the Redan showing the difficulty our soldiers have experienced in scaling the gigantic defence,—the part where the hottest of the fight took place. At the base of the hill runs the Woronzow Road, distant about a quarter of a mile from the summit; and what they had to experience ere they reached this, was nothing to what they encountered inside; while mounting the hill, which is partly of broken rock, interspersed with brushwood, &c.; it may be imagined the harassing fire they were subjected to. I certainly consider the French had a much easier job to get from the Mamelon to the Malakhoff. I made a solitary charge up the hill myself to try the effect of the thing, and to understand what it must have been to do. I have paid two visits to Sebastopol.

Some of the views of Sebastopol from the harbour are quite pictures of themselves. The docks are wonderful places, and have created universal admiration. I shall include them in a sketch I intend doing. The streets in Karabelnaia are strewn with dead, nearly all the houses destroyed, and what are left, thoroughly ransacked by the French, who have had the place entirely to themselves for that purpose, much to the disgust of the British, who say, and justly, too, I think, "that if one army is allowed to pillage, where there is nobody to be the losers, that they consider it a burning shame that they, who have lain night after night in the trenches, should not, now the place is in our possession, be allowed to put foot into it." The French have been making a fine harvest out of it,—the British camp is besieged by these gentry coming with some curiosity or relic for sale. Many of the things go ridiculously cheap. Guns and swords are quite a drug in the market, and do not go off at any price, and bayonets are used as tent-pegs.

I was at the picket-house the other day, and some of our Life Guards had been stationed there to prevent any person, "French or English," bringing plunder into the camp, so that *bono Français*, after having tugged

along a grand table, or even sofa, in all the consciousness of legal possession, for a distance of three miles, was obliged to yield it up. This was not done without certain taunts as to our men having no right to stop them,—that they had gained the Malakhoff, and that we could not fight, and had been driven out of the Redan, and so on; and I am afraid much ill-feeling is springing up from these remarks and taunts. The French, if they happen to be annoyed at anything, retaliate on the English with cries of "Redan," which makes our British blood boil up. We know how many of our brave fellows were left dead on its sides before we were repulsed. I hope, in time, this ill-feeling will evaporate.

You remember I told you that Colonel Unett, of the 19th, had promised to contribute some sketches to the newspaper. Poor fellow! he was wounded on the 10th, and died this morning, much regretted by his men, with whom he was a great favourite; he was also very kind to me during my stay in camp.

## A VISIT TO THE MALAKHOFF.

## THE EXTERIOR.

PASSING through a maze of trenches, of gabionnades, and of zigzags and parallels, by which the French had worked their sore and deadly way close to the heart of the Russian defence, and treading gently among the heaps of dead, where the ground bears full tokens of the bloody fray, we came at last to the head of the French sap. It is barely ten yards from that to the base of the huge sloping mound of earth which rises full 20 feet in height above the level, and shows in every direction the grinning muzzles of its guns. The tricolour waves placidly from its highest point, and already the French are busy constructing a semaphore on the top. Step briskly out of the sap—avoid those poor mangled braves who are lying all around, and come on. There is a deep ditch at your feet, some 20 or 22 feet deep, and 10 feet broad. See, here is the place where the French crossed—here is their bridge of planks, and here they swarmed in upon the unsuspecting defenders of the Malakhoff. They had not 10 yards to go; we had 200, and were then out of breath. Were not planks better than scaling ladders? See how easily the French crossed. You observe on your right hand, as you issue from the head of the French trench, a line of gabions on the ground running up to this bridge. That is a flying sap, which the French made the instant they got out of the trench into the Malakhoff, so that they were enabled to pour a continuous stream of men into the works, with comparative safety from the flank fire of the enemy. In the same way they at once dug a trench across the work inside, to see if there were any galvanic wires to fire mines. Mount the parapet and descend—of what amazing thickness are these embrasures! From the level of the ground inside to the top of the parapet cannot be less than 18 feet. There are eight rows of gabions piled one above another, and as each row recedes towards the top it leaves in the ledge below an excellent *banquette* for the defenders.

## THE INTERIOR.

Inside, the sight is too horrible to dwell upon. The French are carrying away their own and the Russian wounded, and there are four distinct piles of dead formed to clear the way. The ground is marked by pools of blood, and the smell is already noisome; swarms of flies settle on dead and dying; broken muskets, torn clothes, caps, shakos, swords, bayonets, bags of bread, canteens, and haversacks are lying in indescribable wreck all over the place, mingled with heaps of shot, of grape, bits of shell, cartridges, case and canister, loose powder, official papers, and cooking tins. The traverses are so high and deep that it is impossible almost to get a view of the whole of the Malakhoff from any one spot, and there is a high mound of earth in the middle of the work, either intended as a kind of shell proof, or the remains of the old White Tower. The guns, which to the number of 60 were found in the work, are all ships' guns, and mounted on ships' carriages, and worked in the same way as ships' guns. There are a few old-fashioned, oddly-shaped mortars.

Look around the work, and you will see that the strength of the Russian was his weakness—he fell into his own bomb-proofs. In the parapet of the work may be observed several entrances—very narrow outside, but descending and enlarging downwards, and opening into rooms some four or five feet high and eight or ten square. These are only lighted from the outside by day, and must have been pitch dark at night, unless the men were allowed lanterns. Here the garrison retired when exposed to a heavy bombardment. The odour of these narrow chambers is villanous, and the air reeks with blood and abominations unutterable. There are several of these places, and they might bid defiance to the heaviest mortars in the world; over the road is a layer of *ships' masts*, cut into junks and deposited carefully; then there is over them a solid layer of earth, and above that a layer of gabions, and above that a pile of earth again.

## THE COMMANDING OFFICER'S RESIDENCE.

In one of these dungeons, which is excavated in the solid rock, and was probably underneath the old White Tower, the officer commanding seems to have lived. It must have been a dreary residence. The floor and the entrance were littered a foot deep with reports, returns, and perhaps despatches, assuring the Czar that the place had sustained no damage. The garrison were in these narrow chambers enjoying their siesta, which they invariably take at 12 o'clock, when the French burst in on them like a torrent, and, as it were, drowned them in their holes.

## A VISIT TO THE GREAT REDAN.

## THE EXTERIOR—HARROWING SCENE.

FANCY a huge gray bank of earth running angularly over the summit of a broken slope, and fronted by a vast ditch, some eighteen feet wide by more than half that number deep—pierce this with gabioned embrasures at intervals of some three yards, and mentally picture these bristling with the black muzzles of 68-pounders, and the idea obtained of the outside front of the celebrated Great Redan will be sufficiently complete. When I reached the fatal open in front of our fifth parallel, the dead had been gathered off the ground—the officers having been taken to the camp, and the men thrown into the deep and broad ditch. And there was a sight harrowing enough to affect nerves of iron and a heart of stone; piled up, row upon row, lay the bodies of the brave fellows whose blood had gained our triumph, nearly filling the huge dike—a ghastly and mangled multitude. Those who had died within the Redan had also been gathered into the ditch; so that I looked upon nearly all the British who had fallen in this last scene of an eleven months' tragedy. The first fact which struck an observer was, that nearly all who lay there were *old soldiers*, men who had borne the heat and burden of the day—hardly a beardless face was to be seen; the second, the calmness which appeared on almost every countenance, even where the death-wounds had been the most severe. Some, whose death must have been instantaneous, lay with unclosed eyes "gazing on the sky," and but for the glazed pupils and ghastly countenance, might have been supposed basking for pleasure in the sun; while others again were stretched out in all the seeming composure of a calm sleep. Amongst them lay a few Russians, hideous in their rags and dirt, but displaying likewise but few of the harrowing traces of acute or prolonged death-throes. As I passed over this bridge of corpses into the interior of the Redan, a fatigue party was already beginning to shovel in the parapet upon the bodies, many of whom thus found a grave on the spot where they fell.—*Letter from the Camp.*

## THE INTERIOR—THE BOMB-PROOF CHAMBERS.

My first entry into the interior, on the morning after its abandonment, was made by a bridge of broken fascines and gabions, laid hastily over the dead bodies that had just been gathered into the ditch for burial, which has since been done by levelling over them a portion of the parapet above. The ghastly piles nearly filled the vast trench to a level with the outer surface, and the thin covering of earth which now conceals them from view barely falls below the summit of the low bank in front. What first struck me in passing up the cut made by our sappers through the broad parapet, was the unusual solidity and strength of this last—averaging thirty or thirty-five feet along its entire front. On such a solid mass of gabions, fascines, sandbags, and earth, it need hardly be said that artillery of even the heaviest calibre could have no sensible effect; sixty-eight or ninety-eight pound shot might enter, but they could not penetrate. Compared with this massive structure of mud and wickerwork, the thickest of our own or the French works is as paper to a deal board. Then within—besides the great superiority of their mantlets—strong ropen curtains hung across the embrasures to shelter the gunners from the besiegers' riflemen. You admire the cover provided for their artillerymen when not actually working the

guns, in little retreats, proof against any but the very heaviest splinters of shell. But these, again, are nothing when compared with the shot and shell-proof chambers for the shelter of larger bodies of troops, which abound throughout the work. On visiting several of these hall-subterranean waiting-rooms, many of them were found fitted up with fire-places, cooking conveniences, benches, and other suitable furniture; whilst in others of smaller dimensions, and which had evidently been occupied by the officers, there were in addition, bedsteads, chairs, tables, and in some, even handsomely glazed cupboards, containing empty wine bottles, and other traces of their occupants' regard for creature comforts. On a shelf in one of them was to be seen a cheap Farrington Street reprint of "Paul Clifford," and an illustrated publication—the latter with sundry engravings of scenes from the siege.

The state in which some of these chambers were left, proved how contentedly the men had been in the habit of employing themselves. Shoemakers' and tailors' tools and implements were found in abundance. And in one some dolls and playthings were found, as if a child had been taken into it. In another, there was a music-book, with a woman's name written therein, and a canary bird and vase of flowers were outside the entrance.

CELEBRATION OF THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.  
IN FOREIGN STATES.

THE success of the Allied armies at Sebastopol has been received throughout Europe in such a manner as to show clearly enough, that whatever sympathy the despotic Governments may feel for Russia—the populations are everywhere able to appreciate truly their interest in this great war of principles. From Sweden, Portugal, Spain, Italy, and such of the German States where the people are not absolutely inhibited from giving any expression to their feelings, we hear similar accounts of the joy and satisfaction excited by the intelligence.

In Algiers, the news of the fall of Sebastopol was received with great enthusiasm by the Arab population of the whole colony.

At Bucharest, the news of the event occasioned the utmost joy. A hundred or two young men presented addresses to the French and English Consuls. The former did not receive them, but the latter did, and in consequence drew upon himself a remonstrance from Count Coronini, the Austrian Commandant.

On the 21st, a number of English, French, and Sardinian gentlemen visiting Homburg, in Germany, dined together at the Belle Vue Hotel, in celebration of the taking of Sebastopol.

At Tunis, on the 14th ult., the Bey ordered the great event to be celebrated by all the forts of Tunis, and of the Goulette, as on great Mussulman festivals. His Highness further directed that Colonel Lyon, chief of the military household, should immediately proceed to Sebastopol to congratulate Marshal Pelissier in his name.

The Servian capital celebrated the victory by a *feu de joie* of 101 guns, which were fired from the fortress, by order of the Pacha, and the city was illuminated at night.

At Berlin, on Sept. 25, the Ambassadors of France, England, Sardinia, and Turkey, joined in giving a grand banquet in honour of the taking of Sebastopol.

At Constantinople, at the "Jardin des Fleurs," some thirty to forty English and French officers seated at one table, each with his champagne, gave loyal toasts in honour of the great event.

In celebration of the fall of Sebastopol all the students of the University of Upsala, Sweden, assembled about six o'clock in the evening of the day on which the news arrived, on the great square of that city, with flags and banners, and accompanied by masses of the people, proceeded in solemn procession, singing at the same time patriotic songs, to the monument of Gustavus the Great in the Wood of Odin. On their arrival at the obelisk, the patriotic song composed by Bottiger, on the occasion of the great festival in honour of Gustavus Adolphus, celebrated here in 1832, was sung in chorus, with uncovered heads, after which the Curator of the University mounted the pedestal of the monument, and made a glowing speech, in which the success of the Allies was spoken of in the most enthusiastic terms.

## IN THE PROVINCES.

In Liverpool the preparations are being made for the illumination of the town on a grand scale. 10,000 oil-lamps are to be contracted for to illuminate St. George's Hall.

The inhabitants of North and South Shields kept a general holiday on Monday last, in commemoration of the successes of the 8th of September.

The Worcester Town Council have forwarded an address for presentation to the Queen, congratulating her Majesty on the victory obtained by the Allied army.

Sheffield was brilliantly illuminated on Monday last, in honour of the event.

In Glasgow, the triumphs in the East will be celebrated at a banquet, which is announced to take place on Friday, the 12th inst.

At Southampton, the event was celebrated on a grand scale on Monday last.

BRITISH GERMAN LEGION.—Last Sunday, being the day fixed for the public thanksgiving for the brilliant success of the Allied armies in the East, the troops of the German Legion in camp at Shorncliffe, amounting to about 3,400 men, paraded, for that purpose, under the command of Colonel Woodbridge. The different regiments formed one hollow square. The prescribed prayer was read, the Te Deum was sung, and a most impressive sermon was delivered by the chaplain. Immediately afterwards the greater portion of the officers of the force accompanied their Gallant Commander to the Established Church at Sandgate, where they joined the English congregation in returning thanks for the victories gained by their brave comrades in arms.

THE ZOUAVE AND HIS CAT.—Among the numerous wounded soldiers just arrived at Lyons, a soldier of the 2nd Zouaves excited particular attention. He was dressed in a Republican hat with a plume, a frock coat buttoned up to the chin, and had with him a cat minus one leg. It appears that he was representing a character at the French theatre before Sebastopol when the drum beat to arms. Without having time to doff his theatrical costume, he was soon in the trenches, where he lost one arm from the splinter of a shell, and had his right ear carried away by a musket ball, his cat, which remained during the engagement on his shoulder, losing its paw at the same time. Even in the hospital he would never part from his cat, which has come with him to France, where the Zouave figures in the same dress that he wore when the alarm was given.

A NOBLE ZOUAVE.—On the morning of the fire, a Zouave was seen proceeding towards the ambulance. He had received a ball in his leg, and was limping along, supporting himself by his musket. He was accompanied by two Russians more seriously wounded than himself, and to whom he was paying the utmost attention, and from time to time making them drink from the gourd slung at his back, accompanying the offer with these words, "Come, drink, my poor fellow; what has happened is not your fault; you have done your duty as soldiers, and you are as brave as ourselves!" Such are the French soldiers; terrible during the fight, but kind and humane after the victory.

FEARFUL WOUND.—Among recent arrivals of invalids from the Crimea is Robert Clinton, a native of Scotland, and private of the 88th, who is totally blind. Both his eyes were knocked out by a ball which passed clean through the head; it entered under the left eye, close by the nose, and went out under the right ear.

DEFENCE OF THE NORTHERN FORTS OF SEBASTOPOL.—"Le Nord," the Russian journal at Brussels, says that Prince Gortschakoff will be very well able to defend the northern forts of Sebastopol, should they be attacked, but that "whenever he shall judge that the time has come when it will be preferable to transfer to another point the troops which he commands, he will not trouble himself about the cries of triumph to which his strategic movements may excite his enemies." In a similar manner, the "Kreuz-Zeitung," the single pro-Russian journal of Berlin, noticing the probability of operations from Eupatoria, prepares its readers to expect an abandonment of the northern forts, in the event of Prince Gortschakoff being compelled to act in the interior of the peninsula. The motive, of course, would be to "improve his position."

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA AND HIS SERFS.—The Emperor before leaving for Nicolaieff, addressed a rescript to Count Sakreffsky, Governor-General of Moscow. After expressing his gratitude to the people for the hearty reception given to him, he stated his conviction that they will shed the last drop of their blood to maintain the integrity of the empire, nor suffer the smallest portion to be torn from it.

RUSSIAN LOSS ON THE FINAL ASSAULT.—The German journals indulge in various speculations as to the loss of the Russians at the final assault on Sebastopol. One authority says, "In the last encounter the Russians are stated to have had 16 generals and 19,000 men killed or wounded." Marshal Pelissier, it is said, estimates the losses of the enemy at about 15,000.



SEBASTOPOL.

## SAVINGS AND DOINGS.

## THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

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## ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1855.

## SOME MILITARY QUESTIONS.

It seems to be pretty generally admitted by this time that SIMPSON, the man whom we have been waiting for. The friends of RAGLAN need not be jealous of him, or for any injury by Lord Raglan's memory. We were told before that RAGLAN was an effete officer; but what are we to say now? The country could go on without the SOMERSETS, but if the SIMPSONS are "used" the British Constitution may declare itself insolvent! We must be a little deeper than prejudiced capitalists if we want to understand a little.

General SIMPSON declined the appointment, it is commonly understood, but took it on a little pressing. He had seen Indian service, and we must not say he had not been tried. He is not a man of "action," so in that line we have nothing to complain of. The "action" brought him up, and they turned to him as being of a rank and rank to succeed to such a post. Seniority must go for nothing, since some rule must exist for the guidance of these things. Some risk, too, must be run; for a general has to learn his job by practice, like other people, and how are you to know when a man is a great man till he is tried? To be sure, there are many experiments, these Redan ones, and may well set us wondering whether nothing can be done to amend the "routine" and "system."

We told our subscribers some time since, what we thought about the way of getting hold of able men for public employment. That is the examination system, which we commended as far as it went, but we did not help us than the old plan. Can nothing be done to get us in the army?—to breed young soldiers of promise, to give them their chance?—or must we trust for ever to old fogies? The army and navy just now, take their luck—if we send us a great man, well and good—after abusing and punishing him for some years, we allow him to save the country, and then we worship him down to his very weaknesses and faults. What we do by calm foresight and preparation is but little; we complain (to be sure) with our artillery and engineers—hence our bombardments and "sap";—but for the rest, we elect officers as they happen to have money, or luck, or interest, or opportunity. They fight well, because they belong to a good fighting regiment, however, is not everything,—as the 8th of Sep-tember showed us.

If it be said that we select our officers too exclusively from the upper classes,—we ask why this is done? Why is an army more expensive? For the same reason that any thing else is expensive—because the country is rich. You need not expect a man to give up the common advantages to which he is born because he joins your army, or to dine worse than his brother at the bar,—particularly as he may tell you that he will fight as well on venison and claret as on bread and butter. A mess is a little image of English life,—like a club, or a hotel, or a country town;—and it is expensive, not because the Government makes it so, but because the whole system of England is so. A man who knows the world, will doubt whether the English soldier would respect his officer as much, if he lived no better than himself.

Here, then, is a great difficulty in promoting from the ranks. You put a man out of his element,—among persons differently educated, with different ideas, and feelings, and tastes,—making him uncomfortable, and them uncomfortable.

The barrier between them is not so much that of birth as of means, for means create disturbances quite as effectually as caste. Let a brewer, or wholesale trader of any kind, send his son to a public school, and then into a regiment (as is constantly done), and the son will be quite as much removed from the common soldiers as if he were a prince. It is part and parcel of the money system of England,—which is the real basis of society in this country. If every title in England were abolished to-morrow, this kind of difficulty would remain; a poor man, as a poor man, would be as far off a position as ever.

The form this assumes in army affairs is clearly seen in the purchase system. A poor man cannot buy his steps; so at any given time we must take our chance amongst the rich, the long-lived, and the lucky, for a general; and meanwhile there is nothing but a very moderate test applied before anybody is admitted. Neither in the army nor the navy do the mass of officers know much about their profession, out of its ordinary details. Were an examination instituted to open commissions to privates, these would be benefited. But if the country wished this, it would have to be liberal with its money, and start the new officer with a handsome bonus. In such cases,—indeed, at all times—a man promoted from the ranks should be sent to another regiment. He would there excite no jealousy among the class he left, nor awkwardness in that into which he had entered.

In the navy, some generations ago, men were frequently taken from "before the mast." There were "gentlemen" enough in the service at that time—STEWARTS, COLLINGWOODS, BROOKES, LEWIS, KEITH MAXWELLS. But life was plain and cheap, and earnest; and the profession, and fought altogether like brothers and the men. Now-a-days, no such promotion is ever heard of. Examinations is no part of the ancient system of England, as we have told our readers before.

Were a rigid system of examinations kept up, the service would be weeded of many an idler. There should be more military colleges—and colleges open to the children of people of humble means. Appointments could not be given in return for political services. If a distinct standard of merit were required from everyone who entered. But then, such a series of reforms, would demand a degree of interest about military matters in the public mind which does not exist at ordinary times. The British army was much neglected for years before this war.

At 11 P.M. during the day, the French, the British, and the Russian, the thermometer was at the freezing point. At 11 P.M. on Sept. 20 and 21, the thermometer was at the freezing point. With this before us," said a Russian officer, pointing to the ruins of Sebastopol, "peace is further off than ever."

A SUBSCRIPTION has been opened for the journeyman watch-dog of Lyons, for presentation to Marshal P. A handsome watch, attached with his portrait, in memory of his services.

A MAN, living near Paris, in France, registered the birth of his twenty-fifth child.

THE SHERIFF OF MARIPOSA (California), when on his way to Stockton to be married, made a short detour from the road, and fought a duel with a ruffian. The ruffian "over," he proceeded on his journey, and accomplished his principal object.

A CORRESPONDENT of the "Ballier" proposes to roof London houses with glass, and to turn out into gardens, smoking rooms, or observatories. He declares that glass is warmer and more airtight than tiles or slates.

MANCHESTER, according to a fact, that five new churches are now erecting, and as a sort of balance, 100 more are to be added to the goal.

THREE MORNING PREACHERS, named Scott, Ferguson, and Macallister, fresh from the S. I. L. City, have been in Belfast propagating their doctrines.

THE AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT is stated to have promised a bounty of 100 ducats in gold to any one who will lead to the arrest of any recruiting agent for the British Foreign Legion.

THE HALL OF DUNROBIN CASTLE, the Highland residence of the Duke of Sutherland, has recently been lighted with gas, conveyed in a bladder from the Continent.

A NATIONAL SUNDAY LEAGUE, with Sir J. Walsley for its president, has been formed with the object of opening the British Museum and other national institutions on Sunday, and repealing the law which compels the closing of the Castle Palace.

LESLIE JAMES COLONEL CLAREMONT has succeeded General Torrens as the Queen's Military Commissioner in Paris.

THE QUEEN has appointed the Rev. B. Joaze, Regius Professor of Greek for the University of Oxford, in succession to the late Dr. Gaiford, Dean of Christ Church.

THE RAILWAY from Barcelona to Tortosa, forming part of the line from the former town to Sagassa, will be opened towards the end of October.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will read his "Christmas Carol" at the Peterborough Mechanics' Institution, on the 18th of December.

SIR HENRY BENTINCK's health is of such a character as to render his return home from the Crimea before the severe weather sets in extremely probable.

THE ADMIRALTY, it is said, has prohibited the wearing of the mou-tache by the Royal Guard.

THOMAS TUTTON, accused of administering doses of poison to his father, at Bath, has been fully committed.

A BURGLARY has been committed at Airthrie Castle, the seat of Lord Abercromby. The thieves escaped with a quantity of jewellery and plate to the extent of several thousand pounds.

GENERAL MARKHAM is suffering from illness, and fears are entertained that he will be compelled to give up the command of the Second Division.

DR. CUMMING, in a recent publication, gives it as his opinion that the world is to terminate in ten years from this date.

A BREED RIOT took place at Frankfurt a few days ago, in consequence of a baker buying up large quantities of corn, and holding his stock close till the market went up to a famine price.

A NEW WEEKLY NEWSPAPER in modern Greek, and entitled "Hymera," has just appeared at Trieste.

THE NUMBER OF EMIGRANTS who have left Liverpool for all foreign parts, during the month of September, has been 9,857, of whom 1,703 only have proceeded to the Australian ports, and the remainder chiefly to the United States.

THE HON. COLONEL RUSHOUT met his constituents at the meeting of the Evelham Agricultural Society, just held in Worcester, when he addressed them on the measures before the last Session of Parliament.

MR. RAYNER, the Yorkshire comedian, died at his residence, No. 17, Acton Street, Bognor Wells Road, on Wednesday week, after a short illness.

LOED JOHN RUSSELL, it is reported, is to lead the Peelite, the Manchester school, and a section (the Pakington) of the Tories next session in an effort to crush the war.

LORD AND LADY PALMERSTON arrived at Rome on Saturday last, and were welcomed by the inhabitants at a public meeting, held in the Piazza del Popolo.

THE MAGISTRATES of both North and South Shields have determined to entirely withdraw the spirit licences from all the public-houses that have had music saloons in them during the year.

MR. DENTON, M.P., addressed his constituents in West Blackhall Street Chapel, Greenwich, last week.

SIR JOSEPH FANTON, M.P., on Monday evening distributed the prizes at the annual meeting of the Coventry School of Art, and on Wednesday evening was entertained at a public dinner by the inhabitants of Coventry.

A LAW has been passed in California for the due observance of the Sabbath, and the proprietors of circuses and gambling dens readily succumb, and advertise that they shall do everything according to "law and order."

THE FRIENDLY SOCIETIES OF HOLME, Manchester, gave a tea party at the Victoria Hotel to celebrate the passing of the Friendly Societies Act of last session, on which occasion an address was presented to Mr. Bright, M.P., and a resolution of thanks passed to Mr. M. Gibson, M.P., and to Mr. Sotheron, M.P.

A FIRE OF A SERIOUS NATURE broke out on the premises of Mr. Chitty, Deal, supposed to have originated from some children playing with lucifer matches, and did considerable damage to his own and neighbours' property.

SOME 250 of the Russian prisoners at Plymouth were last week exchanged for a like number of English prisoners of war.

AT AN IDIOT ASYLUM in the north of England, seven out of ten of the patients are the children of parents related to each other by the laws of consanguinity.

THE CHAPLAINCY to the Winchester garrison being vacant, an offer has been made by the Rev. Henry Holloway, of St. Cross, to perform the duties gratuitously, on condition that the salary attached to the office shall go to the fund for the benefit of the widows and children of the soldiers killed in battle.

MR. LAYARD, M.P., has arrived at Genoa.

R. C. TUDWAY, Esq., M.P. for Wells, who has been dangerously ill, is recovering, and there is a prospect of his speedy restoration to health.

ADMIRAL GIFFARD died last week at his residence in Southampton at the age of 90. He was the leader of the Whig party for many years in that town, and was the father of Captain Giffard, who was killed in Her Majesty's steamer Tiger, off Odessa, at the commencement of the Russian war.

MR. EDWARD BAXTER, M.P. for the Monroese district of Burghs, addressed a meeting of his constituents in the Guildhall, Montrose, on Tuesday week.

MRS. RINLEY, known formerly as "Margaret Catchpole," and the subject of the popular work by the Rev. R. Colbold, died at her residence in Newtown, Sydney, on the 30th May last.

THE mine of public indignation has at length been fired, and old General Simpson has been blown into the air. The fuse actually employed was a leading article in the "Times," one of the strongest, perhaps, which has ever emanated from the "Times" pen, and in which the fact, that the recollection of the present Commander-in-Chief was the desire of the nation at large, was most distinctly stated. In my own mind, I have very little doubt that such a step has already been taken, and that Government are only hesitating as to who should succeed to the command. The "Times" is a writer very strongly without a secret knowledge, that the event the fulfilment of which they prophesy, however unlikely it may appear, is in reality nearly a certainty. Thus, a flaming recommendation of Mr. Seymour Talbot for the vacant job, appeared in the "Times" on the day after it was known by that gentleman's intimate friends (and by those alone) that he had received the appointment. So, last year, did the magnates of Printing House Square strongly urge upon her Majesty's Government, the pressure of returning to town, and during the pressure of imminent public business, remaining no longer at one of her country seats, when the order for the removal of the Court had already been given. Moreover, in the present instance, the feeling of the entire country was undoubtedly expressed in that article. Who that read Russell's wonderful narrative did not grow hot with shame, at the description of the English Commander-in-Chief sitting in a trench, with nothing but his eyes and nose showing above the collar of his blue cloak? Who did not burn with rage as he read of a wasted and worn-out division being selected for the assault, and allowed to attempt its arduous duty unsupported? Of ladders too short, and even too few,—of a general of division receiving repeated messages for succour, and sending no help,—of reinforcements upon reinforcements being poured in by the gallant French, and of our own countrymen paralysed, baffled, and slaughtered? From the midst of this category of bad management, want of foresight and of presence of mind, the name of one man stands prominently forth! All honour to Colonel Windham, who, by all accounts, rivalled the heroes of old in daring and ubiquity, and who, had he been supplied with the succours which he so frequently and fruitlessly demanded, would, I firmly believe, have held the Redan until permanent assistance could have arrived, and thus avoided the slur which, despite all the argument to the contrary, has undoubtedly been cast upon our national name.

"There is nothing succeeds so well as success," and so our victory at Sebastopol has made us doubly beloved by those Continental sovereigns who were before on terms of friendship with us, while even the "strict neutrals" have been warmed into an expression of feeling. Thus the Emperor of Austria desires his Ministers at London and Paris to congratulate the Queen and Emperor on the event; while the King of Prussia, whose nephew is in England (it is said, paying court to our Princess Royal), sends off his son to meet the Emperor of Russia, and "congratulate" him—on what, however, is not stated. His Prussian Majesty will probably not be entertained when he reads the speech of Sir Alexander Malet, the British Envoy at the Frankfurt Diet, who, presiding at a dinner given at Homberg to celebrate the fall of Sebastopol, spoke out boldly, accusing Prussia of having heightened the miseries of war by her vacillation, and was loudly cheered by the English, French, and Sardinians surrounding the table.

What have we done at home? We have held our day of Thanksgiving—held it, too, in the proper English spirit. The French people, immediately on the arrival of the news, went, as it were, *en masse* to Notre Dame, headed by their Emperor, and there with heart and soul sang the *Te Deum*. We, on the contrary, are not impulsive, thank Heaven! We do things properly and calmly; so we waited until it was officially announced to us that we might return thanks, and then we did it in an intelligible form of prayer, duly prepared by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and "printed by the Queen's printer." On a pouring, close, muggy day, with the most solemn faces, and cast-down air, did we attend our various places of worship, and deeply humiliate ourselves on account of the capture of Sebastopol. The shops were duly closed; the same little processions of baked shoulders of mutton walked through the streets at one o'clock,—we had used the additional form of prayer purchased for a penny, and that was the only difference between the Thanksgiving and any other Sunday.

What more? The Duke of Somerset, who, as Lord Seymour, was one of the most disagreeable, cantankerous men in the House, has not improved it appears since his assumption of ancestral honours. A gentleman calls on him, sends in his name, and is ushered into the Ducal presence, when his Grace, addressing him in the most offensive tone, orders him from the room. The gentleman (who, from the published correspondence, appears to have acted very well throughout the affair), writes requesting an explanation, but receiving none, he commissions a friend to place himself in communication with the Duke, the matter ending with the refusal of his Grace to give either explanation or satisfaction, and—the publication of the correspondence.

Mr. Thackeray sails for New York on the 13th instant, and his friends have invited him to a farewell dinner, which is fixed for the 11th, at the London Tavern. His friends, I say, for it will not be a public affair. The number is limited to sixty, and all present will have some mutual connecting link. The chair will be filled by Mr. Charles Dickens, and among those present will be the great publishers of the Row and Albemarle Street, the editors of the "Quarterly" and the "Edinburgh," and all the principal literary men and artists of the day. One or two actors have also been invited. It is pleasing to find this willingness among his brethren to pay a compliment to one who, though anything but genial in his manner, and possessing no "society" talent, has, by the powerful aid of his pen, and by his own admirable example, always endeavoured to uphold the position of his class. By the way, when Mr. "Pendennis" was last in New York, while he was in the shop of a leading publisher, a very fashionably-dressed young lady passed through. "My daughter, Mr. 'Pendennis,'" said the publisher. "Oh! I see," the great satirist gaily said, "an edition of *lives of the Pirate's Daughter*."

At the approach of winter, burglars sharpen up their centre-bits, and crimes generally are "looking up." Seriously, our police are getting very negligent. Here is a man garroted last week in Fleet Street, and can find no policeman between Chancery Lane and Holloway's shop, though "shouting at the top of his voice." A new dodge has, too, just turned up. Three gentlemanly young men get into a railway carriage with a gentlemanly old man, who drops asleep, and is immediately chloroformed, a robbed, and left to "come to" as he best may. Verily, this is an ingenious age!

The friends of literature and science will regret to hear of the death of Sir Henry Ellis, of the British Museum, which took place at Brighton at the end of last week.

The marble statue of the Queen, executed by Mr. Gibson, of Rome, and intended for the new Houses of Parliament, has arrived in England, and is, I understand, at present at Mr. Thomas' studio in Westminster. Meanwhile, I am assured that Mr. Marshall's statue of Campbell, in Westminster Abbey, is still unpaid for, though Mr. Moxon and Dr. Beattie, the co-executors, assert the contrary.

I have been allowed a private view of the properties and effects of the forthcoming Egyptian play at Drury Lane. They beat everything of the kind I ever saw, and will take the "shine" out of Keau's *Sardanapalus*.

## BOMBARDMENT OF RIGA.

Hamburg, October 1.

INTELLIGENCE has been received from Riga, dated the 29th ultimo. It is to the effect, that four liners, one frigate, and three corvettes, bombarded the batteries of Dunanunde for three hours on the morning of the previous day, without, however, doing much damage.

The ships then went over to Bullen, and bombarded the place for two hours with more effect.

On the 26th hostile visits were made by two frigates to Old Salis, where ten ships were burnt.

ALDERMAN SALOMONS was elected Lord Mayor at a Common Hall on Saturday last.

ABOLITION OF THE CINQUE PORTS JURISDICTION.—On October 1st, the act of last session (18 and 19 Vic., c. 45) for the better administration of justice in the Cinque Ports, came into force, abolishing the jurisdiction of the Lord Warden and Constable of Dover Castle in relation to civil suits and proceedings.





THE UNION JACK ON THE REDAN.—(SKETCHED BY JULIAN PORTCH.)



RUSSIAN PRISONERS BROUGHT INTO CAMP.—(SKETCHED BY JULIAN PORTCH.)





WILLIAM RUSSELL, ESQ., CORRESPONDENT OF THE TIMES IN THE CRIMEA.



AN EFFEMINATE ZOUAVE.



SAINT MONDAY, OR THE PEOPLE'S HOLIDAY.—No. 3.—WINDMILL HILL GRAVESEND



## THE BALTIC.

Revel Roads, Sept. 25.

THE high-pressure block-ships have all left for England; the *Hastings*, Captain Fanshawe, was unfortunate enough, in beating out of the Gulf, to run on the Nygrund reef, off Odensholm, on which she lay thirty hours. The moment the Admiral was made aware of the accident, he despatched the *Cassack*, *Drover*, and *Bulldog* to her assistance; but it was not until all her guns, shot, shell, anchors, and cables, coals, water, and even part of the ballast, had been taken out, and she had been eased of 450 tons weight, that she was got off. No material injury was done.

The *Amphion*, Captain Key, has arrived from her cruising ground off Sweden, and brought a number of deserters from the enemy's gun-boats and batteries. Some of these, a corporal and three men, were relieving guard one night, when the whole party made for the beach, secured a boat, and effected their escape. They confirm the reports brought by former deserters as to the magnitude of the enemy's losses, and inform us that if an opportunity offered half a regiment would desert.

On Sept. 18, the *Hogue*, Captain W. Ramsay, accompanied by three gun-boats, was despatched to Baro Sound to relieve the *Hastings*. Off Renskar Lighthouse the *Hogue* got aground on one of the many sunken rocks in that locality, where she remained from 9 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. In order to lighten her, the lower deck guns, cables, spare anchors, &c., had to be taken out, which was effected by the aid of the gun-boats' crews. The injury caused by the accident is considerable. The false and main keel forward have been carried away, besides other damage.

Admiral Seymour is still at Seskar with his squadron of observation, and both officers and men are getting sick of the monotonous inactivity in which they remain.

The Commander-in-Chief seems to have quite changed his mind about leaving Nargen, and given up the idea of visiting Seskar, owing to the extreme uncertainty of the weather, which is becoming worse and worse every day, and very cold. The next month or six weeks will prove a trying and anxious time for our cruisers, who will have to combat at sea with the equinoctial gales in these dangerous waters.

On the 24th, high mass was performed on board the *Tourville*, flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Penard, and thanksgivings offered up for the great victory gained by the Allies at Sebastopol. Immediately after the conclusion of this religious service, the ships of the Allied fleet decorated their masts with flags, hoisting at the main the French and English ensigns, the Turkish at the fore, and the Sardinian at the mizen, and fired a salute of 21 guns, the bands playing the national anthems of France and England. In the evening, the French Admiral entertained at dinner Rear-Admiral Dundas, the Captains of the French and English ships, together with other officers.

A depot of coal for the use of the fleet is being established at Christiansand, where, it is reported, some of the small class steamers will pass the winter. On the setting in of bad weather, a portion of the fleet will seek an anchorage at Wurnso Island, on the coast of Esthonia.

## THE TIMES' CORRESPONDENT IN THE CRIMEA.

WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, whose portrait we engrave this week, and the celebrity of whose name is now European, was born in the year 1816, in Dublin, in which city his parents were engaged in trade. He was educated at a school then celebrated among the middle classes of the Irish metropolis, kept by a Mr. Geoghegan, in Hume Street, whence, having displayed considerable ability, he was removed to Trinity College.

Resolving to try his fortune at the English bar, Mr. Russell, on leaving the University, took up his quarters in London, and commenced eating his dinners in the Temple; and while thus commencing the battle of life, he was, by the influence of his uncle, who was largely connected with the press, introduced to the managers of the "Times" newspaper, and obtained a situation on their staff as reporter.

Here the rapidity with which his notes were prepared, and the admirably concise detail afforded by them, soon became a subject of remark in the newspaper world, and very shortly afterwards Mr. Russell received an offer from the proprietors of the "Morning Chronicle," the pecuniary advantage of which was such as to induce him to accept it. On the staff of the "Chronicle" Mr. Russell remained for some years, until on the paper changing hands he declined to receive a restriction of salary which was proposed to him, and seceded from the establishment, returning to his *premiers amours*, by again becoming connected with the "Times."

Mr. Russell was a reporter in the gallery of the House of Commons, was selected for every occasion requiring peculiar vividness of description, and wrote all accounts of trial trips, ship launches, &c., having always had a great taste for the nautical. On the outbreak of the present war, he was deputed to be special correspondent of the "Times" in the Crimea, and how he has fulfilled his mission, our readers must judge for themselves.

Beside his connection with the newspaper we have already mentioned, Mr. Russell was London Correspondent to one or two Irish journals, and a contributor to "Household Words," "Bentley's Miscellany," &c., &c. With the exception of a sojourn at Therapia, where he went for the benefit of his health, Mr. Russell has lived with the Fourth Division of the army since their first landing in the Crimea, among whom his kind-heartedness, talents, and joviality have rendered him an especial favourite.

## AN EFFEMINATE ZOUAVE.

As several battalions of French were going down towards the Malakoff position, shortly before sunset on the afternoon of the 9th, a Zouave, who was returning, carried a polished chair on one shoulder, and with the other hand held open a handsome blue silk parasol. With mock modesty he covered his face with the parasol from the gaze of the troops as they passed by. Shouts of laughter and sallies of wit were poured forth as section after section of the infantry columns went along, but the Zouave preserved the dignity of the character he had adopted, and pretended neither to hear nor observe the remarks addressed to him.

THE QUEEN is expected to return from Balmoral on Friday, the 12th, travelling by the Aberdeen and Scottish Midland and Scottish Central Railways to Edinburgh, and thence, on Saturday, by the East Coast lines and Great Northern to London.

THE THANKSGIVING DAY.—Last Sunday being the day appointed by command of her Majesty for a national thanksgiving, for the signal and repeated successes of our army and that of our Allies in the Crimea, and especially for the capture of the town and fortress of Sebastopol, the form of prayer and thanksgiving prepared for the occasion was read in all the churches in the metropolis at both the morning and evening services, and sermons were preached, in all of which special reference was made in various terms to the war, and to the last great victory achieved by the Allied armies. In most of the churches, more especially St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, the congregations were unusually large, and collections were made in many of them on behalf of the widows and orphans of those who have fallen in the conflict.

MARRIAGE OF MISS PEEL.—Last week, the long-announced marriage of Miss Peel to the Hon. F. Stonor, second son of the Roman Catholic peer, Lord Camoys, took place. The match was a love one, the families, and the friends of the families on either side, being altogether averse to it. Theology, of course, was the cause of this, though Mammon, mayhap, had something to do with it too. The bridegroom is not rich; second sons of peers whose not distant progenitors have been attainted and their property sequestered, seldom are, especially when the fortunes of their house have not been renovated by wealthy alliances. Such has been the case with the Stonors. The bridegroom holds the rather undignified post of a clerk in the House of Lords, with a few hundreds a year as salary.

DEATH OF ARCHDEACON BROOKS.—The Ven. Archdeacon Brooks died of apoplexy, on Saturday last, at his residence in Liverpool. The deceased was in his 81st year.

CONSECRATION BY CARDINAL WISEMAN.—The consecration of a new choir and other newly completed portion of St. John's Roman Catholic Cathedral, Salford, took place on Friday week, the ceremonial being conducted by Cardinal Wiseman, assisted by several Roman Catholic bishops, and a very numerous body of canons, priests, and other ranks of the Roman Catholic clergy. About 1,600 persons were present, including a number of the leading Catholic families of the neighbourhood.

A CIGAR WITHIN THE REDAN.—Lieutenant Molesworth—quite a lad, just joined—had the coolness to light a cigar while up at the Redan, in the midst of the fire. A shell burst over him, one fragment knocked the cigar out of his mouth, another struck him in the back of the head and sent him senseless into the ditch.

## SAINT MONDAY, OR THE PEOPLE'S HOLIDAY.

NO III.—WINDMILL HILL, GRAVESEND.

HOWEVER the kingdom of Cockaigne would get on without Gravesend, we are sure we do not know. What Saint Monday would do without that convenient backish watering-place for his followers, is to us equally mysterious. Gravesend is the Cockney Capri—the Bunhill Row Frig'ion—the Isle of Dogs Isle of Wight. Take away Gravesend from the middle and humble class of Londoners, and you take away from them the possibility of ever viewing troubled water exceeding a storm in a puddle or ever seeing a live shrimp, a vessel larger than a Thames wherry, (for what true-born Cockney ever went to see the Docks?), or a real fisherman.

We shall be deprived one by one of nearly all our out-door places of amusement in time, we suppose. The Parks are doomed, evidently. Hampton Court Palace will be wanted some day for some youthful member of the Royal family, yet, happily, in petticoats. Kensington Palace will also, most probably, be appropriated for the same purpose, and the gardens will of course be kept sacred from the intrusion of the vulgar. Hampstead Heath will be enclosed, or built upon, and divided into mansion terraces and Wilson Squares. Some Robert Grosvenor, yet unborn, will, to render monster meetings in Hyde Park impossible, procure an Act of Parliament for shutting up that now tolerably healthy London lung: the place will perhaps be turned into an artillery depot subservient to Woolwich arsenal, where mighty parks of six-pounders can be inspected at leisure by the future Master-General of the Ordnance—the belligerent Dundas. Then, when the Crystal Palace is turned into a conventicle, the Surrey Zoological Gardens into the head-quarters of the London Temperance League, Kew Gardens into a nursery for growing herbs for Apothecaries' Hall, and the British Museum into a chapel-of-ease to the Society of Economic Geology (with entrance only for Members, Doctors of Divinity, and select Vestrymen of Bloomsbury parish), what will be left for London excursionists, save Hungerford Pier, the Adelphi Terrace, Lambeth Walk, Highbury Archway, and Gravesend?

They can't shut up Gravesend, cart away the chalk-hills of Rosherville for ballast, pull down the Gothic Hall, raze the Terrace Pier, or sell the famous Windmill for firewood, in our time, at least, thank goodness. Let the Londoners only be true to Gravesend, and Gravesend be true to itself, and the Cockney watering-place is safe. It has a Mayor and Corporation, this staunch little borough, and a town-hall—majestic, albeit very diminutive. It has a bold bench of magistrates, too, who mock Sunday Trading Acts, and laugh Beer Bills to scorn, persisting in considering every man who comes to Gravesend, whether by boat, rail, or 'bus from Rochester, as a *bona fide* traveller. And are they not right—those magistrates? Are we not all travellers, wending our way in a *bona fide* manner towards that inevitable end, the Grave?

Gravesend, of course, was built by the Romans, on the site of a Druidical temple, sacked by the Picts and Scots, rebuilt by the Saxons, burnt by the Danes, fortified by the Normans, visited by Queen Elizabeth, besieged by Oliver Cromwell, and bombarded by the Dutch. At least, if it did not actually undergo all these vicissitudes, it ought to have done so; and you will find what really did happen to it in the "History of Kent," by Mr. John Dunkin, of Dartford. We believe there was a giant born at Gravesend, some thousands of years ago; and that a Saint and Martyr flourished there some centuries before the Christian Era; but it doesn't much matter. Saint Monday is the only Saint we have to deal with now, in connection with Gravesend: so for any further archaeological questions we must refer you to Mr. Dunkin, begging you to correct us if wrong. The principal products of Gravesend, are shrimps, mud, oyster-shells, lodging-house keepers, donkeys with side-saddles, patent perambulators, babies in arms, bows and arrows, and Baron Nathan. This last production, a flowery specimen of the "Hop" species, and blooms like the Great American Aloe, once in a hundred years: he grows rather shabby and inclined to run to seed towards every nineteenth year or so, but picks up wonderfully at the commencement of the century. He is the tutelary institution of Gravesend, and it is believed that were he to omit curling his hair, varnishing his pumps, and dancing his *pas* among the eggs and tea-things, one day during the week, some great misfortune would happen to the town. Either Greenhithe (the inhabitants of which have always been inimical to Gravesend) would rise against it, or the pirates of Erith would make a filibustering descent upon it, or the nine invalids who garrison Tilbury Fort would cannonade it in mistake for the north side of Sebastopol. We may conclude our notice of the "folk-lore" of this charming little town by stating, that no denizen of a lodging-house therein, ordering a leg of mutton for dinner, was ever known to see the same joint twice, and that so familiarised from long connection have the inhabitants become with Cockneyism, it is believed that there is only one person in Gravesend (and he is a Scotchman) who can sound the letter H in the proper place.

Here we are, on a pleasant September afternoon, on Windmill Hill, Gravesend, St. Monday to the fore. *Voilà le plaisir, Messieurs et Mesdames!* There, in the trellis-worked refreshment boxes overhung by clustering foliage, are jovial groups of pleasure-seekers, solacing each other and themselves after the labours of recreation (and it is hard work, pleasuring at Gravesend) with the calumet, and the ventripotent ale. We are glad to see, too, looking at things from a J. B. Goughian point of view, that the consumption of the cheering, but not inebriating beverage, "ginger pop," is very considerable, and that there is a marked demand for seedy biscuits. Now, seedy biscuits are decidedly moral condiments. There are some portly men, to be sure—artists, as far as nose-painting in carmine goes—who despise beer, both ginger and hop-brewed, and will have sixes of hot gin and water. What is to be done with these incorrigible fat men? You may present them with pockets full of temperance medals—you may give them cartloads of tickets for teetotal orations—you may set Mr. George Cruikshank on them like a bulldog—you may talk to them all day about the coats of their stomachs, and *delirium tremens*; and what is the result! why, they order another "six of gin, hot, with." There are some ladies, too, we observe, who do not object to take a drop of "something comfortable." It is wrong, no doubt—pernicious, suicidal; but who would grudge, who would refuse that scant drop of comfort to the mothers of those fine, flourishing, rosy-cheeked young families we see gambolling and caracoling on the grass? You see we are bound (by a solemn promise made to our grandmother and the Editor of this journal, in the year twenty-eight) to tell the truth in everything we write—else should we have set it down that the Saint Mondayites drank only pump-water; and, if they smoked at all, inhaled nothing stronger than the fumes of rose-mary or camomile.

As to the young ladies, bless their dear eyes, they have quite enough to do in managing their round hats, so that they may not be caught by some sportive breeze and blown out to the Nore (a consummation by no means devoutly to be wished, but not improbable of occurrence) and in sweet-heating. A terrible deal of sweetheating goes on at Gravesend. Cupid might take furnished lodgings at the Archery Ground, and Hymen establish a temple on the top of the Windmill; for both frolicsome deities are in constant request. Young couples come to Gravesend to court; young couples take lodgings at Gravesend for the honeymoon. There have been runaway matches from Gravesend—cruel "parients" have pursued their daughters hither. Vilkins has walked with Dinah at Rosherville in the "garding all round," and it has even happened, alas! that Vilkins, pursued by a remorseless fate, has rushed madly into a druggist's shop, and demanded from the member of the Pharmaceutical Society behind the counter "a cup of cold poison." But, pleasant memories, many happy courtships, has Gravesend smiled on. Many a stout papa has seen a stout mamma in the foliated refreshment boxes for the first time, has there declared his love between the whiffs of his pipe; and has popped the momentous question in an interval between a chorus in the next box, and the chronic gasps of "coming, coming," from the much-loaded waiter.

See, here is a stout papa engaged in an invigorating game of romps with his youngsters. They tumble him over, they climb on his back, they pull his corpulent legs various ways; they bonnet, buffet, choke, and trip him up with gymnastic affection. But he delights in the buffeting. He is a rainbow of smiles; he dances war-dances of glee. This stout papa is, maybe, a hard, stern man during the rest of the week—a broker, a water-rate collector, a server of the mystic "gridiron," or county-court summons. But, to-day, he is all amenity, all jocularity, all milk and honey. Little

Puffins, from the linen-draper's shop, who is there in his two-masted, two-masted "well-shrunk," looks superciliously upon the bluff old bonny, and his gone of romps. He evidently thinks him a milkop. Puffins, shut up! Remember (if, indeed, you ever read it) the story of Sully scandalised at seeing Henry of Navarre hand and knees on the stairs, carrying his children pick-a-back. Remember how the King reposed in the corridor; and tell us who had the best of it—the snob, or the sovereign, the big-wig or the Bourlon.

These good people have all come to spend their Saint Monday at Gravesend either by the time-honoured *Star or Diamond* steam-boat, with the customary brass band, including the "man with the post-horn" and the halfpenny-demanding trombone, on board; or by the North Kent Railway through Woolwich and Erith—a commodious route, but marred by the longest and most appalling of tunnels; or by the recently-opened, convenient, and inexpensive Tilbury Fort branch of the Eastern Counties Railway. They have explored the mysteries of the steep High Street, they have admired the beauties of the Town and Terrace Piers; they have ascended Windmill Hill, ascended the Windmill itself to the observatory summit, where with telescopes they have observed the surrounding country and water—not, however, it is almost needless to say, succeeding in the Spanish fleet, for the sufficient reason that the Spanish fleet was in sight. They have had their portraits taken at the world-known black and white establishment; they have ridden on donkeys, bought nuts and cones, and discoursed with gypsies. Later in the evening, they will visit the village (pronounced Rosserville) Gardens, shoot at that wonderful animal man, gaze at the mechanical figures, admire the cascade, dance at the Gothic Hall, and come home "by the light of the moon," their hands full of windmills, steam-boats, fortune-tellers, and Baron Nathan. *Nathan, salute pro nobis.*

## BABY SHOWS AT WITHERNSEA AND LEEDS.

ON Monday last week, a baby show took place at Withersea. Some time it was announced that such an exhibition was about to be held in the neighbourhood, a large number of "babies" were entered as competitors for the prizes offered by the promoters, and by Monday there were about 150 on the lists. The parents looked forward to the affair with a great deal of anxiety, and the curiosity of others was excited in no ordinary degree. The show was open to all England, and it was stated in the papers that it was held under "distinguished patronage." It is said that the chief originators of this disgusting exhibition were two or three "prizing, or 'fast' young men, one of whom resides in London, and the rest in Hull. The "exhibition" took place in the saloon of the *Queen's Hotel*, an unsuitable place, it is said, for the purpose. The number who visited Withersea in the course of the day by train and other conveyances, reached nearly 5,000; four or five special trains were put on in addition to the ordinary trains. By 3 o'clock, the hour at which the show was announced to take place, the grounds were thronged, and crowds gathered and gaped round the saloon. In the midst of this mass of sight-seers, of all sexes, were to be seen "babies" of almost every shade of beauty and shape, and some with no very prepossessing outward charms about them at all—some "muling and puking in their nurse's arms," others slumbering in comfortable and unconscious obesity. About half-past three o'clock, the judges entered the building, and the fact having been made known, the previously quiet appearance of the saloon was soon changed into bustle and excitement, and there could be no mistake about the presence of the competitors, who, on the laps of their mothers and nurses, were at once arranged all round, and in the centre of the building. Five prizes were offered, the first of which was of the value of five pounds, to be given to the prettiest baby under twelve months old; the second, four guineas, for the heaviest infant under twelve months; the third, three guineas, for the strongest and most perfectly developed child under six to eighteen months old; the fourth, two guineas, to the prettiest girl from two to four years of age; and the fifth, one guinea, to the handsomest boy from two to four years of age. In the announcement issued by the promoters of the show, it was stated that if any objection should be made to the decision of the judges, it should be decided by a jury voted by the whole of the visitors; and Mr. Bannister, Mr. Cantley, surgeon, Hedon, and Mr. J. Wilders, were named as the judges. However, only one of these gentlemen (Mr. Bannister) was at attendance; and Dr. Bell, Mr. Hodgson, surgeon, Mr. J. Young, and Mr. Toogood, druggist, all of Hull, accepted the office, or took part in the duties thereof. The number entered up to Saturday night for the prizes was 44, second 38, third 39, fourth 17, and for the fifth there was about half a dozen. Besides, there were many entered on Monday. The examination for the first prize (the prettiest baby, twelve months old) occupied about half-an-hour.

A baby show of a similar nature has just taken place in the gardens at Leeds. It is said that there were more than 600 persons in the grounds. "Of course," says the "Leeds Mercury," "the females were in the majority, and not a few 'Sarcy Camps' were visible. The 'show' was advertised to take place at one o'clock, but it was nearly five before the public were admitted. After a little trouble, our reporter entered the refreshment room at the upper end of the gardens. A paper was thrust into his hands, on which were printed numbers from 1 up to 50, and instructions that the possessor was to tear off the number of the child which he (or she) thought most deserving a prize, and put it into a box. Such a scene of confusion it has seldom been the lot of our townsmen to witness. To describe our reporter saw and heard would be to recount that which is a lasting disgrace to all concerned. The poor children were ranged on a long seat, sitting back to back, each one with a number fixed over it on a stick. In many cases, the 'proportions' of the children were vulgarly exposed, and the mothers of others were in a state fitting them only for their nurseries and their homes. Several mothers appeared fairly ashamed of their position; and little dreamt, perhaps, on entering their children for competition, that they themselves would be so exposed to view. There were several complaints from the exhibitors themselves, one woman declaring that she had been put to the expense of going there with her child, after having entered it as between two and three years of age, with a chance of getting a prize of 30s., and that no number had been allowed for it—the child's number being 52, and the balloting paper extending to number 50 only. There was no competition, and the woman protested she had been cheated of 30s.

## THE DUKE OF SOMERSET AND MR. HAMILTON.

A CORRESPONDENCE has just been given to the world through the columns of the public press between the Duke of Somerset, Mr. A. Hamilton, and Major Green. Mr. Hamilton, it seems, called at the Duke's residence, sent in his card by a servant, and was admitted. No sooner had he made his appearance than the Duke started up, and exclaimed, according to Mr. Hamilton's statement, in the most insolent manner, "What do you want?" As Mr. Hamilton was about to explain the object of his visit—it was some business, he says, connected with the borough of Totness—the Duke pointed with his hand to the door, and ordered him to leave the room. He then walked over to the door, threw it open, and again desired Mr. Hamilton, in a still more insolent manner, to leave the apartment. Mr. Hamilton twice endeavoured, by letter, to obtain an explanation and apology; failing in this, he deputed a friend—Major Green—to put himself in communication with the Duke of Somerset. This step elicited a reply, addressed by the Duke to Major Green. In it he says,—"Mr. Alfred Hamilton was admitted by mistake into the Duke's private room. The Duke had never seen or heard of him before, and declined all communication with him, as any matter of business should have been transacted by letter." It will be admitted by everyone, that the Duke of Somerset was on no account justified in behaving in so outrageous a manner towards a perfect stranger, whom he had never heard of nor seen,—who had sent in his card, had been admitted, and had not offered him the slightest provocation. The Duke concluded by referring Major Green to his solicitors. To a further demand for an apology or satisfaction, he did not condescend to return any answer whatever. The days of duelling are over, and therefore it was absurd in Mr. Hamilton to seek for satisfaction through a friend; but we are not aware that good manners went out of fashion with hair-triggers, or that a Duke's patent contains any clause which exempts him from behaving like a gentleman.



## CHILD MURDERS.—SUICIDES OF THE MURDERESSES.

ABOUT six o'clock on Monday morning, Mr. Win. Russell, of Bilston, a residential clerk in the employ of Messrs. Perry and Sons, of High Fields, was aroused from sleep by the shrieks of his children, who were in bed in an adjoining apartment. Finding that his wife had left his side, he instantly rushed to the children's room. There he was horrified at perceiving his son Joseph, aged four years, writhing with a frightful wound in his throat, from which the blood was flowing profusely. At the same time, he saw his wife dropping upon the floor, with a large knife in her hand, which, after having been used by her in taking the life of her child, had been drawn across her own throat with so much determination, that her head appeared to be nearly severed from the body.

A surgeon was speedily in attendance, but the boy died half an hour after his arrival. The woman recovered consciousness only when she was placed in bed, and then by a movement of her hands she indicated that she wished to be allowed to die without any attempts being made to restore her to life.

The only assignable cause for the dreadful occurrence is a depression of spirits from which the poor woman has been recently suffering—not, however, to an extent to occasion alarm, as she had gone about her customary duties, and attended church the previous evening, apparently in better spirits than usual. She was devotedly attached to her children.

A similarly sad affair to the above has taken place at Wednesbury, near Bilston. An inquest has been held upon the bodies, and the following particulars elicited:—Joseph Budd, a puddler, had for some time past endeavored to his wife, Mary, small sums of money, which he desired she should keep for him till last Thursday night, when he should require the whole. Previously to Thursday, he inquired if the money would be ready for him when he should require it, and she replied in the affirmative. It is conjectured, however, she had spent it, as on Thursday evening she attempted to borrow some from a neighbour, but she was unsuccessful; and it is supposed, that, rather than encounter the rebukes which her indiscretion would provoke from her husband, she determined upon suicide. After embracing one of her three children, and seeking the second in the arms of a neighbour, she caught up her youngest child, two years old, wrapped it in her bosom, and was last seen near to the canal, where, on the next day, she was found dead, her lifeless infant still fast in her embrace.

**THE MURDER AT CUDHAM.**—At the Coroner's inquiry, held last week, at Cudham, the greatest excitement prevailed in the vicinity of the Court in consequence of the fact of Palin, since his arrest, having been looked upon, not only as the bloodthirsty fellow concerned in the Cudham tragedy, but also as the villain who so barbarously dyed his hands in the innocent blood of the girl, Melinda Payne, at the Hotwells, Bristol; for Superintendent Hanley has now procured very substantial evidence, proving Palin was at least in the neighbourhood of the Hotwells when the awful crime was perpetrated. The Jury, after listening to the additional evidence, returned a verdict of "Wilful Murder against Robert Thomas Palin," and Inspector Baxter, having been duly bound over to prosecute at the next Maidstone Assizes, the investigation terminated. Further strong facts will be adduced, it is expected, against Palin on his trial, and it now turns out that he disposed of the proceeds of a Bristol burglary, a day or two before the Bagley murder, in Croydon.

**SUSPECTED MURDER AT NOTTINGHAM.**—On Saturday the 29th ult., the county magistrates of Nottingham commenced an investigation into the case of Mrs. Dutton, wife of Mr. W. Dutton of Carlton. She had, it seems, for a considerable time past practised great cruelty towards her daughter, a child three years old, having been observed at different times to kick her most violently, burn her with a hot iron, making her sleep in a box in the passage, with only straw for a covering, and not allowing her the necessities of life. On Tuesday week the child was suddenly missed by a servant girl, and on inquiries being made, the body of the child was found in the pond near which the mother had been last observed. On Friday week an inquest was held on the body, and Mrs. Dutton was taken to the county gaol on the same night. On Saturday she was again brought before the magistrates, and remanded until Friday.

## POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

JANE GIBSON, the nurse who was sent out by Mrs. Sidney Herbert to the Crimea, and returned home with "all her own, at least," has again been brought up for examination before the Southwark Police Court.

The Inspector this time said he had communicated with Mrs. Sidney Herbert, and he had received from her the following letter:—

"Sir.—I gave Jane Gibson no clothing whatever, except what was included in the regular nurse's outfit—which all received alike—consisting of one cloak and band, one warm gown, two print ones or Derry, caps, aprons, and badge, warm jacket, a pair of goshaws, and two towels. In addition to these, there was given to a few of them who were destitute a little warm underclothing, but I think Gibson was not of that number. "ELIZABETH HERBERT."

"P.S. I gave Gibson nothing for distribution among the sick and wounded. All such stores were sent to Miss Nightingale or Mrs. Bracebridge."

A policeman said he found two pairs of hospital shoes in the prisoner's possession. They bore the Government marks, which induced him to proceed to the Ordnance Office at the Tower and show them to the authorities. He accordingly received a certificate as to their having been issued from the Tower for the service of the military patients in the hospital at Scutari, and that under no circumstances whatever has any officer in that hospital a right to dispose of such, so as to become private the property of any individual employed in the hospital.

Mary Ann Brown said—I am a widow, and a nurse at Guy's Hospital. I know the prisoner. I first saw her on board the Arabia at Constantinople, with five of the Scutari nurses, who were ordered home to England. The prisoner, herself, and another went to Kullalee Hospital to wait until we could be sent home, and after that we came to Scutari and remained there until a vessel would leave for England. Miss Polidore, Miss Langston, and others of the lady nurses were there. Miss Polidore, by directions of Mrs. Bracebridge, told us to open the bales and take anything we wanted. I don't know what Mrs. Gibson took. We were among the three Kullalee nurses, and entitled to the property.

The Magistrate—What did you take?  
Witness—The best things I could find. (Laughter.) Miss Salisbury told me to take the best. I took sheets, shirts, and books. Miss Salisbury gave me some flannel, twelve pounds of tea, and some sugar.

The Magistrate—Do you mean to say the books were given to you?  
Witness—No, sir; they were lent to us to read. Miss Polidore and Mrs. Bracebridge came home with us, and knew it. Miss Salisbury is not in this country; we left her at Scutari.

The Magistrate—Had you any Government stores given to you?  
Witness—I don't know what were Government stores, as property of all descriptions lay about the hospitals.

Margaret Williams said—I was at Scutari Hospital, and was one of the first nurses engaged by Miss Nightingale in September, 1854. I left the Crimea about Christmas last, and received old linen and other things from Mrs. Bracebridge.

The Magistrate—Is such property as that found given to the nurses?  
Witness—I believe so. The head nurses were very kind.

The Magistrate said it would be useless to waste the time of the public in going any further with this case. It had had a very serious aspect from the first, and he had been determined to sift it to the bottom. He had received a number of letters from persons of distinction and others, which showed the base conduct of the prisoner, over whom, unfortunately, he had no control. It would be useless to pursue a criminal charge against her here; but there was not the least doubt that she had come by the property dishonestly, and in a manner that was a disgrace to any female who had been placed in the situation she had filled. It was fortunate for her that the whole transaction had taken place beyond the English law. It was really shocking to think that nurses should indulge in such a system of plunder at the expense of those who had the comfort of the sick and wounded soldiers at heart. It was base, too, on the part of the prisoner to come forward now and actually lay claim to a great portion of the property found upon her. The list of the goods she claimed was as follows:—Five sheets, two tablecloths, two day shirts, nine table napkins, four towels, four pillow cases, four white pocket handkerchiefs with private names on them, a flannel shirt (not a woman's shirt, and therefore she certainly could not claim that), four sheets, and a number of books, besides two forks and one spoon. She had no right to have any of those articles in her possession under any pretence whatever; and both she and the first witness who had been examined that day ought to be very grateful for the narrow escape they had had from the punishment they so richly deserved.

BALDWIN SPEECH, the German who manifested an extraordinary affection for his mistress's clothes, and whose case we reported last week, has since been brought up for final examination at the Mansion House. The affair excited much interest, and the justice-room was crowded during the investigation.

Miss Johanna Droschen, the fair being whom he deceived, and who represented herself as 27 years of age, said—I recently came over to this country. The prisoner was here at the time. He was my lover, and had been so at Bremen. I now charge him with having robbed me of a shawl, a mantle, and a handkerchief. I missed the articles from my bedroom, at the Adelaide Hotel, London Bridge. I did not see the prisoner take the articles, but he was in my room on the day I missed them. I have heard that he is a married man. I have received several letters from him, in which he expressed his wish to marry me here. He was not staying with me. He wanted to take a private lodging for me; but he afterwards expressed his wish that I should stay at the hotel, and I did so. I missed some things on Thursday, the 13th Sept., and some on Friday. On Friday he was in the room, and he left me about 12 o'clock in the day. I missed the articles before he left me, and I said to him my mantle and shawl had been taken. He said it was very wrong of me not to lock the door.

The Lord Mayor—Did you miss anything else from the room at the time?  
Miss Droschen—I missed a bracelet and a gold chain. I understand they have not been found. I do not know that he left me for the purpose of taking lodgings preparatory to our marriage.

The Lord Mayor—You said he wished that you and he should live together before marriage, and that you rejected the proposition?

Miss Droschen—Certainly I did.

The Lord Mayor—When did you last see your bracelet which you lost?

Miss Droschen—On the Wednesday before the Friday. It was then on my arm. I believe I lost it on Wednesday, but I cannot say where. I did not miss it before I went out of doors.

The Lord Mayor—And you are quite sure that you did not authorise him to take those things, or any of them, away?

Miss Droschen—I am. I gave him nothing but a spotted linen handkerchief, which I told him to return to me.

Miss Droschen being cross-examined, said, she had known the prisoner five years. She lived at Bremen, at which place he resided, but she did not know that the prisoner had a wife at the time. She had never seen his wife at Bremen. He left Germany in February last. Before that time he was her lover. He visited her merely as such, and she never lived with him. She never saw him accompanied by a child of his in Bremen. Her sister-in-law indeed, two years ago, told her he was a married man. However, he contradicted the statement the day after, and she took every pains to ascertain the fact as far as she could, and he assured her and induced her to believe that he was not married. He assured her sister-in-law of the same thing.

Miss Droschen, on further examination, stated that in Germany, she was a milliner and a needle-worker, and being asked if they were not more intimate than honourable terms, she adhered to her statement, that he was her lover, and had nothing else to do with her. She saw him leave the room on the day she missed the things, but did not see him take anything out with him. He never came to see her after she mentioned the loss. She identified the shawl and mantle as hers by many marks, having frequently worn them.

A Detective Officer said—On Thursday morning, the 15th inst., I met the prisoner in Tottenham Court Road, and having received information from the prosecutrix and the proprietor of the hotel, I told him that I was a policeman, and that I charged him with stealing a gold bracelet, a gold chain, a mantle, a shawl, and two handkerchiefs, from a lady who was staying near London Bridge. He said, "Oh, take me to the lady." I said to him, "Do you perfectly understand all I said to you?" He said, "Yes, yes; take me to the lady. I can make it all right. She is my sweetheart, and I am going to marry her." I took him in a cab to the station-house, and found his card of address upon him, and he gave that address at the station-house. I afterwards went to the address, and found there a female who represented herself to be his wife; and I searched the room, and found the shawl and mantle produced, and the servant brought the handkerchief to me. It was quite true. The prisoner, at the station-house, said to the sergeant there, that he was a married man, and had two children, and I saw at his house two children. He is the landlord of a coffee-house in Kentish Town. On the following day, as I was bringing him to the Mansion House, he asked, "Did the lady say she lost a gold bracelet?" I answered, "Yes." He then said, "That is wrong; it was not gold." I replied, "That I know nothing about." He told me the lady was his "sweetheart."

A waiter at the Adelaide Hotel said—The prisoner came to our hotel on the 8th of September, to engage a room for (as he said) his sister; and on the following Monday the prosecutrix came with him to the house. She was there about a fortnight, and the prisoner came almost every day to see her. One morning, he came to me, and said that somebody had robbed his sister of a shawl and mantle, and that if I could get the thief, he would give me £5. He said it was a red shawl and a green mantle. Since that day, he has never called at our hotel.

The Lord Mayor having read the usual caution preparatory to commitment, the prisoner said he would leave his case in the hands of his solicitor, and was committed to Newgate to take his trial for the robbery.

Application having been made to accept bail, the Lord Mayor said there was something connected with the charge of felony which was worse than the felony itself, and he could not think of accepting bail in a case which appeared to him, from the detail of the circumstances, to be one of undoubted atrocity.

**"BEHIND THE SCENES" OF THE WINDSOR THEATRE.**—Lord Ernest Vane was summoned before the Windsor Magistrates on Thursday week for assaulting Mr. Nash, lessee of this theatre. The following evidence tells the story:—

Mr. William McCarthy sworn—I am employed as occasional prompter. Recollect the defendant in the theatre, about 9 o'clock, behind the scenes, on the night in question. The first objectionable thing that I noticed was his Lordship going into the ladies' dressing-room. He had previously put out the gas. There were two ladies in the room at the time. Believe he pushed the door open. I subsequently went in and asked him to leave the room. One lady had to undress and dress three or four times during the evening. I said to his Lordship that he must not remain in the room—that it was not decent. His Lordship said, "You are a funny villain, and may go to—". Immediately a policeman came, his Lordship walked out. (A laugh.) In a short time his Lordship asked me to call Mr. Nash to him, to talk about the next night's performance. When he met Mr. Nash shortly afterwards, he took him by the collar and pulled him towards the top of the stairs, and asked him how he dared to send for the policeman. He then flung Mr. Nash down stairs. Saw Lord Vane attempt to strike Mr. Nash on the eye, but the blow fell on his forehead, his Lordship's arm having been caught by Mr. Rogerson. At the commencement of the struggle, his Lordship pulled Mr. Nash a considerable distance by the collar. The latter did his utmost to get away; but Lord Vane, being a stronger man, succeeded in pulling him to the top of the stairs.

Cross-examined—At first his Lordship said, "You sent for the police—you sent for the police," in a good-humoured manner, apparently; but I believe he was out of temper when the police was sent for. He pushed Mr. Nash down in anger.

The Attorney for Lord Ernest Vane argued that the affair was exaggerated. There was a scuffle arising out of some insult to Lord Vane.

The Magistrate fined the defendant £5.

## MONEY OPERATIONS OF THE WEEK.

ALTHOUGH there has been rather more doing in the Consol market this week, prices have not recovered from the late depression. The continued decline in the stock of bullion in the Bank of England, and the large exports of gold, have tended to check all operations for the rise. The leading quotations have been as follow:—Three per cent. Consols, for money, 88  $\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{1}{2}$ ; ditto, for the account, 88  $\frac{1}{2}$   $\frac{1}{2}$ ; new Two-and-a-half per cents, 74; long annuities, 34; India stock, 229; India bonds, 2s.; exchequer bills, 3s. 6d. to 1s. prem. Bank stock for account, 218. Exchequer bonds, 1858 and 1859, 99 to 98  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

It has now transpired that the Bank of France has purchased in this country £1,600,000 in gold, to meet the late heavy drain upon it. This accounts, in some measure, for the late immense shipments; but now that the Bank of England has raised its minimum rate of discount to 5 per cent, a check has been given to exports. For commercial purposes, the demand for money has been less active. In Lombard Street, however, the best bills are not discounted under 5 per cent., and money on call is worth 3  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 4 per cent. The imports of bullion this week have been small; but gold continues to be sent to Holland and Belgium to purchase silver for India.

The returns of the Board of Trade of the export trade of the country are favourable. During the first eight months of the year, the value of the shipments was £60,154,178, against £67,396,359 last year.

Most foreign bonds have met a dull market, yet no material change has taken place in the quotations. Brazilian 5 per cents, have marked 100 ex div.; ditto, 4  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cents, 94  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; ditto, 5 per cents, new, 99  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Buenos Ayres 6 per cents, 53; Chilean 6 per cents, 101 ex div.; Danish 3 per cents, 82  $\frac{1}{2}$  ex div.; Peruvian 4  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cents, 76; ditto, 3 per cents, 56  $\frac{1}{2}$  ex div.; Sardinian 5 per cents, 84  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Spanish deferred, 19  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; ditto, Reserve, 47; Turkish 6 per cent, 4 dis.; French Rentes 4  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cents, (scrip 2nd loan of 1855), 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  prem.; French Rentes 3 per cents, 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  prem.; Dutch 4 per cents, 94  $\frac{1}{2}$  ex div.

Mining shares have been in improved request, and the quotations have ruled steady. Imperial Brazilian Lead has realised 2  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Cobalt Copper, 68; Linares, 7  $\frac{1}{2}$  ex div.; Pontigband Silver Lead, 15  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Waller, 3.

Joint-stock bank shares have been tolerable firm. London have marked 50; English, Scottish, and Australian Chartered, 16  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; London Chartered of Australia, 19  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; London and County, 39  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; London and Westminster, 48  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Union of Australia, 70.

There has been a fair demand for miscellaneous securities, as follows:—British American Land, 58; Canada Company's bonds, 154; ditto Government securities, 111  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Crystal Palace, 2  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Netherlands Land, 1  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Royal Mail Steam, 75  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

The total railway "calls" for the present month are £656,516. Those for the first ten months of the year have amounted to £11,851,772, against £12,072,005 last year. The business doing has been very moderate, as follows:—Caledonian, 59  $\frac{1}{2}$  ex div.; Eastern Counties, 92; Great Northern, 86  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Great Western, 55; Lancashire and Yorkshire, 76; London and Blackwall, 61; London and Brighton, 25; London and North Western, 92; London and South Western, 82; Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, 23  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Midland, 65; Norfolk, 47  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; North Eastern—Briswick—60  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; ditto Leeds, 12  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; North Staffordshire, 10  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; South Eastern, 57  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; South Wales, 32; Eastern of France, 36  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; East Indian, 22  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Great Western of Canada, 24  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Lyons and Geneva, 15  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Paris and Lyons, 44  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Royal Swedish, 3  $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Western of France, 30  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

## METROPOLITAN MARKETS.

**CORN EXCHANGE.**—The arrivals of English wheat up to our market, this week, have been on a moderate scale; nevertheless, the demand for all kinds has ruled inactive, at about stationary prices. Foreign wheat, the imports of which have been comparatively small, has moved off slowly, but we have no change to notice in its value. Floating cargoes have realised extreme rates. The barley trade has continued very firm, and malt has commanded rather more money. We have had less activity in the sale for oats, on former terms. Beans have realised very full prices; but white peas have had a downward tendency. The business doing in flour has been less extensive, from there being very little export inquiry.

**ENGLISH CURRENCY.**—Essex and Kent White Wheat, 63s. to 85s., ditto, Red, 58s. to 77s.; Malting Barley, 35s. to 42s.; Distilling ditto, 36s. to 38s.; Grinding ditto, 31s. to 37s.; Malt, 66s. to 74s.; Rye, 48s. to 51s.; Feed Oats, 26s. to 27s.; Potato ditto, 27s. to 30s.; Tuck Beans, 39s. to 43s.; Pigeon, 42s. to 48s.; White Peas, 52s. to 58s.; Maple, 41s. to 44s.; Gray, 38s. to 42s. per quarter; Town-made Flour, 70s. to 72s.; Town Households, 64s. to 65s.; Country, 60s. to 63s.; Norfolk and Suffolk, 57s. to 58s. per 280 lbs.

**CATTLE.**—The supplies of beasts have been but moderate as to number, and very deficient in quality. Nearly all kinds have sold steadily, and prices have had an upward tendency. Sheep have come slowly to hand, and the mutton trade has ruled firm, at full quotations. We have had a good sale for calves and pigs—the supplies of which have been tolerably good—on higher terms. Beef, from 3s. 4d. to 4s. 10d.; mutton, 3s. 6d. to 5s. 2d.; veal, 4s. to 5s. 2d.; pork, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 1d. per 8lbs., to sink the offal.

**NEWCASTLE AND LEADENHALL.**—These markets have ruled steady, and the quotations have had an upward tendency. Beef, from 3s. 4d. to 4s. 6d.; mutton, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 8d.; veal, 3s. 10d. to 4s. 10d.; pork, 3s. 10d. to 5s. 2d. per 8lbs. by the carcase.

**TEA.**—The advices from China state that the exports this season have been in excess of last year, yet our market is firm, and the quotations are well supported:—Congou, 8  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. to 2s. 6d.; Ning Yung and Oolong, 10d. to 1s. 9d.; Sonchong, 9d. to 2s. 8d.; Flowery Pekoe, 1s. 4d. to 3s. 6d.; Caper, 1s. to 1s. 2d.; Scented Caper, 1s. to 1s. 8d.; Orange Pekoe, 1s. 1d. to 1s. 4d.; Scented Orange Pekoe, 1s. 9d. to 2s. 9d.; Twankay, 7d. to 1s. 2d.; Hyson Skin, 7d. to 1s.; Hyson, 1s. 4d. to 1s. 9d.; Young Hyson, 9d. to 3s.; Imperial, 11d. to 2s. 9d.; Gunpowder, 1s. to 3s. 6d.; Assam, 1s. to 4s. 4d. per lb.

**SUGAR.**—The stock of sugar is now 37,000 tons less than in 1854. This deficiency in the supply operates favourably as to price, and we continue to have a good demand for all kinds, at fully the late improvement in value. Sugars are now on the average 9s. per cwt. dearer than last year. Refined goods move off freely, at from 51s. to 57s. per cwt.

**MOLASSES.**—We have an active inquiry for all kinds, and the quotations have an upward tendency. Cuba, 22s. to 23s. 6d.; Porto Rico, 22s. to 23s. 6d.; and low to fine West India, 22s. to 23s. 6d. per cwt.

**COFFEE.**—Good ordinary native Ceylon has sold steadily at 51s. to 52s. per cwt. All other kinds move off freely, at very full prices. The stock is still small.

**COCOA.**—Our market is less active, yet we have very little change to notice in the quotations. Gray Trinidad has sold at 43s. to 45s.; ordinary, 45s. to 50s.; Grenada, 41s. to 47s.; Guayaquil, 45s. to 46s.; Bahia, 41s. to 42s.; and Peru, 41s. to 42s. per cwt.

**RICE.**—A large business is doing in our market, and prices are well supported. Considerable quantities have changed hands to arrive—Bengal at 15s. 3d. to 15s. 10d.; Madras, 15s.; and Rangoon, 13s. per cwt.; Mid. to fine white Bengal on the spot, is quoted at 15s. 3d. to 17s. 3d. The stock is now 10,094 tons, against 17,453 tons in 1854, and 18,856 in 1853.

**PROVISIONS.**—We have to report a slightly improved demand for Irish butter, at full prices. Foreign is steady, but not dearer. Fine Weekly Dorset is selling at 110s. to 112s. per cwt. There is more doing in Bacon, the value of which has an upward tendency. Most other kinds of provisions support last week's currency.

**WOOL.**—The imports, this week, are nearly 4,000 bales, chiefly from our colonies. Nearly all kinds of wool, owing to the near approach of the public sales, are heavy, yet prices are well supported.

**COTTON.**—Our market is heavy, and, to effect sales, lower rates must be submitted to. Bengal, 3  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. to 4d.; Madras, 3  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. to 4d. per lb.

**HEMP AND FLAX.**—Baltic hemp has sold to a moderate extent, at £43 10s. to £44 per ton for Petersburg clean. Manila has realised £38 to £48. The flax trade is dull. New Zealand is held at £22 to £26; Friesland, £50 to £70; Dutch and Flemish, £50 to £64 per ton.

**IRON.**—The iron market is rather inactive. Common bars have realised from £8 to £8 10s., and Staffordshire, £10 5s. to £10 10s. per ton. Nail rods are quoted at £10 10s. per ton; and Swedish bar, £14 to £14 5s. per ton. Tin is steady, at 125s. 6d. to 126s. for Banca, and 123s. to 125s. for Straits. Tin plates are rather dearer. I. C. coke, 29s. to 29s. 6d.; I. X. ditto, 30s. to 35s. 6d.; and I. C. charcoal, 31s. 6d. to 35s. per box. Lead is in active request, and dearer. British pig, £25 to £25 10s.; Spanish, £24 to £24 10s.; and sheet, £26 to £26 10s. per ton. Copper, £126 per ton. Spelter is active, at £23 15s. to £23 17s. 6d. per ton, on the spot. British zinc, £31 per ton.

**SPIRITS.**—There is a good business doing in rum, at very full prices. Proof Lecwads, 2s. 4d. to 2s. 5  $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; East India, 2s. 3  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. to 2s. 4  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per gallon. The brandy market is active, on higher terms. Sales of Cognac, best brands of 1851, 10s. 7d. to 10s. 9d.; 1850 ditto, 10s. 8d. to 10s. 10d.; older, 10s. 10d. to 11s. 6d. per gallon. Geneva, 2s. 10d. to 3s. 8d.; malt spirit, 10s. 10d.; gin, 17 under proof, 10s. 2d., and 22 ditto, 9s. 8d. per gallon.

**INDIGO.**—Our market is firm as to price, but the business doing is limited. The next public sales will comprise 12,029 chests. The stock is 7,000 chests less than last year.

**HOPS.**—Our market is brisk, and prices are advancing, although the supplies are very extensive. New Mid. and East Kent pockets are selling at 100s. to 126s.; Wend of Kent, 86s. to 100s.; Sussex, 81s. to 90s.; County Farnhams, 81s. to 105s.; Farnhams, 105s. to 120s. per cwt. Duty, £200,000 to £200,000.

**POTATOES.**—The supplies are large, and a good business is doing, at from 60s. to 85s. per ton. The accounts respecting the new crop are very favourable.

**COALS.**—New Tanfield, 18s.; West Wylam, 18s. 6d.; Wylam, 20s.; Eden Main, 21s. 6d.; Hetton, 22s. 6d.; Lambton, 23s. 3d.; South Hetton, 22s. 3d.; Stewart's, 22s. 6d.; Cowpen, 19s. 6d. per ton.

**OILS.**—Lined Oil is in good request, at 44s. to 44s. 6d. per cwt. Gallipoli, £56 10s. to £57. Cod is worth £47 per ton. Rape is quiet, at 63s. for refined, and 61s. to 61s. 6d. for rough. Fine palm is worth 47s. per cwt. Other oils support last week's currency. Turpentine is firm at 8s. 9d. to 9s. for rough, and 32s. 6d. to 34s. for spirits.

**TALLOW.**—Advices from St. Petersburg state that the season's supply of tallow will be about 80,000 casks—or fully 20,000 to 25,000 casks less than in the usual run of years. Our market is very firm, and prices are advancing. F.Y.C., on the spot, 58s. 9d. per cwt. Town tallow, 58s. 9d., nett cash. Rough fat, 3s. 6d. per 8lbs. The stock of tallow is now 28,429 casks, against 31,723 ditto in 1854, 19,401 in 1853, 34,059 in 1852, and 34,953 in 1851.

## LONDON GAZETTE.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28.

**BANKRUPTCIES ANNULLED.**—FRANCIS STEPHEN FOLEY, Goldsmith Street, warehouseman—WILLIAM JEFFERSON WESTON, and THOMAS DIXON, South Shields, alkali manufacturer.

**BANKRUPTS.**—CHARLES JOHN MAKE, Blackwall, shipbuilder—GEORGE FOX EAMES, Paul's Street, Finsbury, oil and colourman—BARNET BEHRENS, Snow Hill, Birmingham, general dealer—THOMAS LEMSEN, South Shields, shipbuilder—JOHN PITT, Birmingham, retail brewer—JOHN DUFFIELD, Oldbury, Worcester, publican—JAMES ELLIS, Spring Hill, Warwickshire, timber merchant—SAMUEL BRIDGE, Manchester, builder.

**SCOTCH SEQUESTERATIONS.**—REV. JOHN MILLAR, Jedburgh, Master of the Nest Academy—ANDREW SCOTT, Dunfermline, paper manufacturer.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 2.

**BANKRUPTS.**—RICHARD MOGG ARNOLD, King Street, Covent Garden, cheesemonger—RICHARD GOODWIN, Derby, grocer—JAMES KENYON, Blackburn, innkeeper—GEORGE POYSER, Derby, boot and shoemaker—ISAIAH BELCHER, Wolverhampton, augur manufacturer—JOHN COOKE, Spitalfields, glass manufacturer—RICHARD HOYES, West Cowes, Isle of Wight, postmaster and licensed victualler—THOMAS WAYLAND, Battersea, beer-shop keeper—LYON SAMUEL, Bury Street, St. Mary Axe, City, goldsmith and jeweller.

**SCOTCH SEQUESTERATIONS.**—JOHN ROBERTSON, Glasgow, grain merchant—CHARLES RICHARDSON, Glasgow, patent medicine dealer—HUGH SMITH and Co., Pollokshaws, dyers—ALEXANDER KING and Co., Borrowstownness, Linlithgow, merchants—JOHN MACDONALD and Co., Glasgow, engravers and lithographers—ARCHIBALD GALBREATH and Co., Glasgow, ship and insurance brokers.



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"The Lancet" Commission, in their Report, published by Longman, state, at page 318:—"The Uncoloured Tea we find free from the usual colouring powders."

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Extract from the "LANCET," July 29, 1854.  
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Sold ONLY in IMPERIAL Half Pint, 2s. 6d.; Pint, 4s. 9d.; and Quart, 9s. Sealed bottles, with Dr. de Jongh's Stamp and Signature, WITHOUT WHICH NONE ARE GENUINE, by ANSAR, HARFORD, and Co., 77, Strand, London. Dr. de Jongh's sole Consignees, and by most respectable Chemists in Town and Country.

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**HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT and PILLS** cured a Wound in the Leg of Eleven Years' Standing.—Mr. Welch, Chemist, of Brighton, states, in a letter to Professor Holloway, dated Sept. 6, 1855, that Mrs. Catherine Hudson, of Cavendish Place, in that town, had been suffering for eleven years from an ulcerous wound in the leg, for which she had been under medical treatment in the London and Brighton Dispensaries, but derived no benefit therefrom. The application, however, of Holloway's Ointment and the use of Holloway's Pills have effected a perfect cure. Sold by all medicine vendors throughout the world; at Professor Holloway's Establishments, 24, Strand, London, and 80, Madison Lane, New York; by A. Stampa, Constantinople; A. Gualdry, Smyrna; and H. Hoods, Malta.

**THE FOLLOWING** is an EXTRACT from the Second Edition (page 188) of the Translation of the "Pharmacopoeia" of the Royal College of Physicians of London, by Dr. G. F. Collier, published by Longman and Co.—"It is no small defect in this compilation (speaking of the 'Pharmacopoeia') that we have no purgative mass but what contains aloes; yet we know that haemorrhoidal persons cannot bear aloes, except it be in the form of COCKLE'S PILLS, which chiefly consist of aloes, scammony, and colocynth, which I think are formed into a sort of compound extract, the acidity of which is obviated, I suspect, by an alkaline process, and by a fourth ingredient (unknown to me) of an aromatic tonic nature. I think no better or no worse of its for its being a patent medicine. I look at it as an article of commerce and domestic convenience, and do not hesitate to say it is the best mass pill in the kingdom; a mucous purge, a mucous purge, and a hydrogogue purge combined, and their effects properly controlled by a dirigent and corrigent. That it does not commonly produce hemorrhoids, like most aloetic pills, I attribute to its being thoroughly soluble, so that no undissolved particles adhere to the mucous membrane."

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